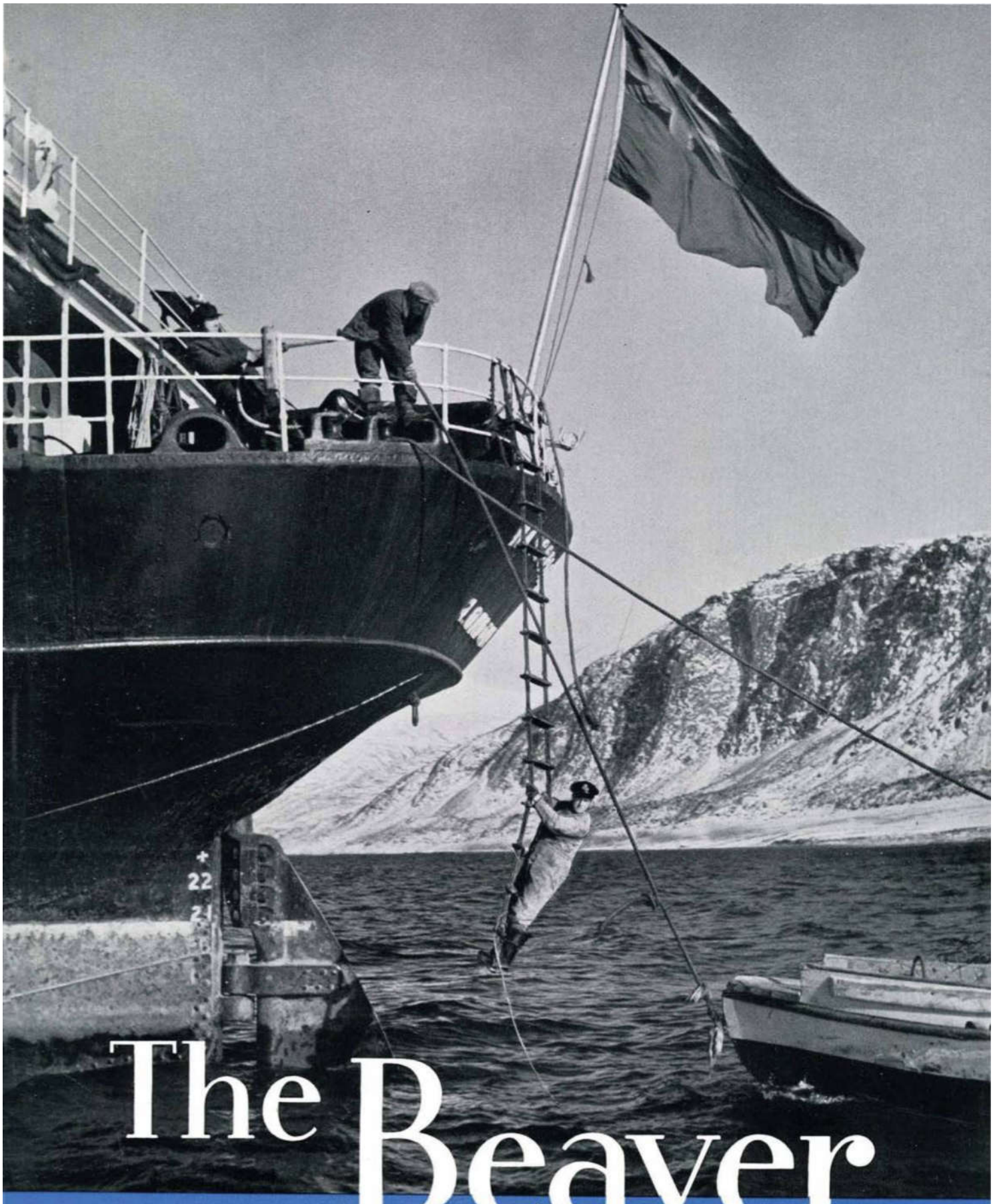

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670. OUTFIT 278 SEPT. 1947

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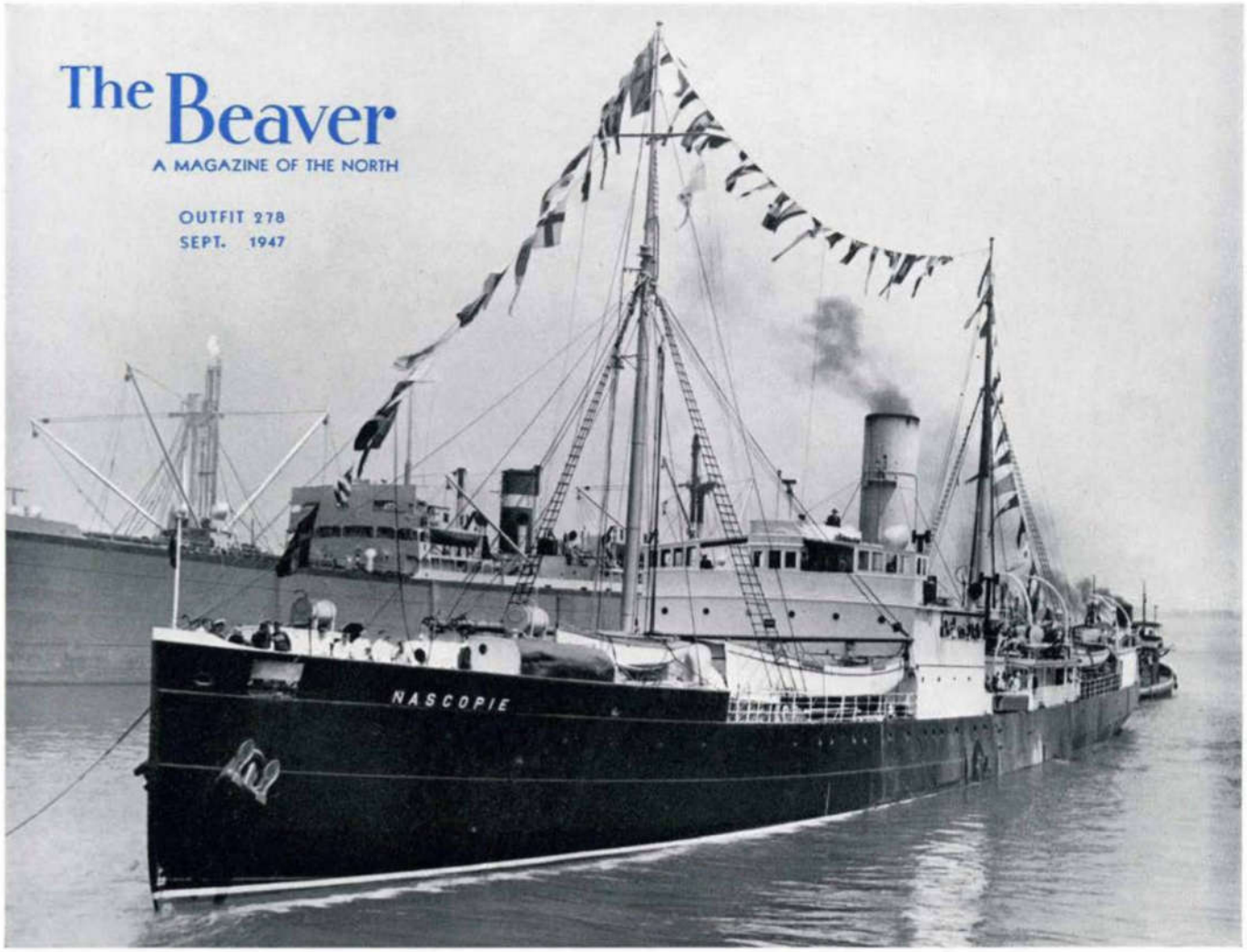

"Nascopie" leaves Montreal on her last voyage. Graetz

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

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NASCOPIE

The Story of a Ship

by C. P. Wilson

ON July 10, 1911, Lord Strathcona, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, made this announcement at the Annual General Court of Proprietors: "To put the Company's tranport on a proper footing, and to avoid the necessity of chartering extra tonnage to carry the increasing quantities of provisions and stores year by year, your directors have entered into an arrangement whereby the Hudson's Bay Company will own a majority interest in a steamer which is being constructed for Arctic navigation. This will assure sufficient suitable tonnage to the Company for some years to come."

Job Brothers of St. John's, Newfoundland, were to own the minority interest, the capital of the Company was to be $220,000, and the name of the steamer was to be *Nascopie*.*

Plans had been drawn up by a firm of naval architects, and her keel had been laid down at the Neptune works of Swan, Hunter, and Wigham Richardson, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Construction went rapidly ahead, and on December 6, 1911, the *Nascopie* was launched. She was of 2500 tons gross register, and 1591 tons net register, 285½ feet long, 44 feet in the beam, and 20 feet deep. Her trial trip took place on January 24, 1912, when, despite unfavourable weather conditions, she attained a speed of over fourteen knots.

Her first transatlantic voyage began shortly afterwards, when she sailed for St. John's, Newfoundland, to take part in the annual seal hunt. At the end of June she left St. John's for Montreal, and on July 24 she sailed down the St. Lawrence on the first of her thirty-four voyages through Hudson Strait, which were to bring her so much fame. (See the *Beaver*, September 1938.) With Capt. A. Cleveland Smith in command, she called at Cartwright, Rigolet, Port Burwell, Lake Harbour (established the year before from the *Pelican*), Wolstenholme, Churchill, Chesterfield, York Factory, and Charlton Island in James Bay. This was the depot from which schooners supplied the posts around "the Bottom of the Bay."

She left Charlton on October 2nd—a date which in later years saw her safely back in Montreal—and headed once more for Wolstenholme, Ungava, Davis Inlet, Rigolet, and Cartwright, from where she sailed for St. John's, Newfoundland. There she wintered, and the following spring was again engaged in the seal fishery, from which she brought back 32,000 skins. That year, under Capt. J. Meikle, she sailed from Montreal on her second voyage to the Bay, but called only at Cartwright, Port Burwell, Churchill, and Charlton, arriving back in St. John's on October 8, after a voyage of 6900 miles. She brought back returns valued at £93,600.

Capt. Smith again took command the next year. The *Nascopie* was sailing north along the Labrador coast when war was declared, but at that time there was no danger from submarine attacks, and she returned safely to St. John's in the fall.

Early next year, at a meeting of the Committee of the Company in London, an "unconfirmed" offer for the purchase of the *Nascopie* by Russia was reported. Nothing appears to have come of this; but April of 1916 found her at Alexandrovsk. An agreement had been made the year before between the French government and the Company, whereby the H B C undertook to charter a fleet of freighters to bring wheat out of northern Russia to France. On the northward voyage, these ships were to take war materiel from France to Archangel for both Russia and Roumania. To this end, the Company maintained an agency at Archangel during the greater part of the war.

The *Nascopie's* first voyage to the White Sea was made in March 1916, when under Capt. G. E. Mack she took a cargo of munitions from Brest to Archangel. On her way back through the heavy ice, she cleared a way for the French cruiser *La Champagne*, on which MM. Viviani and Thomas were returning to their own country after a conference with the Russian government.

Job Brothers now relinquished their share in the ship, and the Hudson's Bay Company became sole owners. She still kept up her annual sailings to Hudson Bay, however, although in 1916 she did not reach Hudson Strait until August 18, and did not leave those treacherous waters until November 7th. Before the year's end she was back in Brest, loading munitions for Russia. On that trip she called at Semenova, Romanoff, Murmansk, Yukanski Bay, Economia, and Archangel, before heading for the Shetlands.

This was the occasion on which she succeeded in sinking a German submarine—the story of which was so well told by her commander in the *Beaver* for June 1939. Part of his account will bear reprinting here:

"On June 14th, 1917, the *Nascopie* left Archangel for St. John's, Newfoundland, and Montreal, by way of Lerwick, Shetland. On our first day out, a torpedo passed about fifty yards under our stern. We were near Kildin Island, and fled northward without seeing the submarine. The next afternoon when we were steaming among loose ice, the second officer came to my room to say he could see a submarine on the surface working among the ice. I arrived on the bridge about the same second a shot from the submarine hit the water about two hundred yards short of us. All hands were signalled to their stations, and the *Nascopie* was turned stern on to the submarine. Collins, senior gunner, went aloft for the approximate

*Named after a tribe of Indians in the interior of Quebec and Labrador. The word is also spelled "Naskapi" and "Nascaupee," and is the Montagnais name for the tribe. Their own name for themselves used to be *Nenenot*—"true men."

The "Nascopie" at Brest, loading munitions and aeroplanes for Russia, Dec. 28, 1916. Note the stern gun which sank the submarine on this trip. Below is part of the bill of lading. Right: Capt. G. E. Mack, master in 1915-17 and 1927.

N° 85

S/S: Nascopié

CARGAISON.

range. Our first shot was short, and its greatest effect was to thoroughly frighten my dog Spider who came along deck, legs out straight and ears back. The submarine's second effort was closer, and the water shot up fifty yards off in the port quarter. There was a fairly solid strip of ice between us and the submarine, but around us was loose ice in which we could manoeuvre. We exchanged a few more shots. The German was working towards us, but when dodging a floe he exposed his broadside.

"Collins took what seemed an agonizingly long time to fire, but when he did the Lord was with him. It was a shot in a million and landed fair and square on the submarine's gun mounting. The *Nascopie* stopped. Four more shots from Collins, and there was a big explosion. Black smoke and flame rose high in the air, and there was no more submarine."

From Lerwick the victorious *Nascopie* sailed for St. John's to make her round of the Hudson's Bay posts. She was back in Montreal on October 23rd, but Captain Mack was ill, and had to be replaced. The man chosen for the command was an experienced mariner who held the master's ticket in both sail and steam—Captain Thomas F. Smellie, a name with which that of the famous old ship will always be associated. During the dark days of the spring of 1918, he took his new command on the Archangel run and brought her back safely to Montreal in July. Then, as usual in the summer, the ship made her round of the Hudson's Bay posts. She left Montreal for Sydney, N.S., on the day the war ended, but on December 13th she sailed from Liverpool on her last run to Archangel.

After she returned to England, Capt. G. H. Mead took her over from Capt. Smellie and made the Hudson Bay trip in 1919, 1920 and 1921. On the 1920 voyage, while steaming from Wolstenholme to Charlton Island, she struck a shoal off Weston Island in James Bay, but no permanent damage was done. After her return from the 1921 voyage, she crossed to Cardiff, then steamed to Namsos, Bugten-i-Alten, and Loppen in Norway, where she took aboard a cargo of reindeer. Caribou were getting scarce in south Baffin Island, and it was believed that reindeer would thrive there and supply meat and skins to the Eskimos of that region. From Norway the *Nascopie* sailed across the Atlantic to Hudson Strait, and at Amadjuak, halfway between Lake Harbour and Cape Dorset, put ashore her strange cargo of 550 reindeer. She then discharged 200 tons of coal at Lake Harbour, took on the Company's salmon at St. John's, apples at Halifax, and sailed back to Liverpool.

The reindeer venture did not prove to be a success, but a fur trading post had also been established at Amadjuak which carried on business until 1933.

Captain Smellie again took command in 1922. Next year, for the first time, the *Nascopie* sailed north of Hudson Strait, calling at Netchilik (now Pangnirtung), Kekerton, and Blacklead Island—all old whaling stations in Cumberland Sound—Clyde River, where a post was established, and Pond's Inlet. The ship spent the following winter at Ardrossan on the Firth of Clyde which was to be her home port for the next nine years.

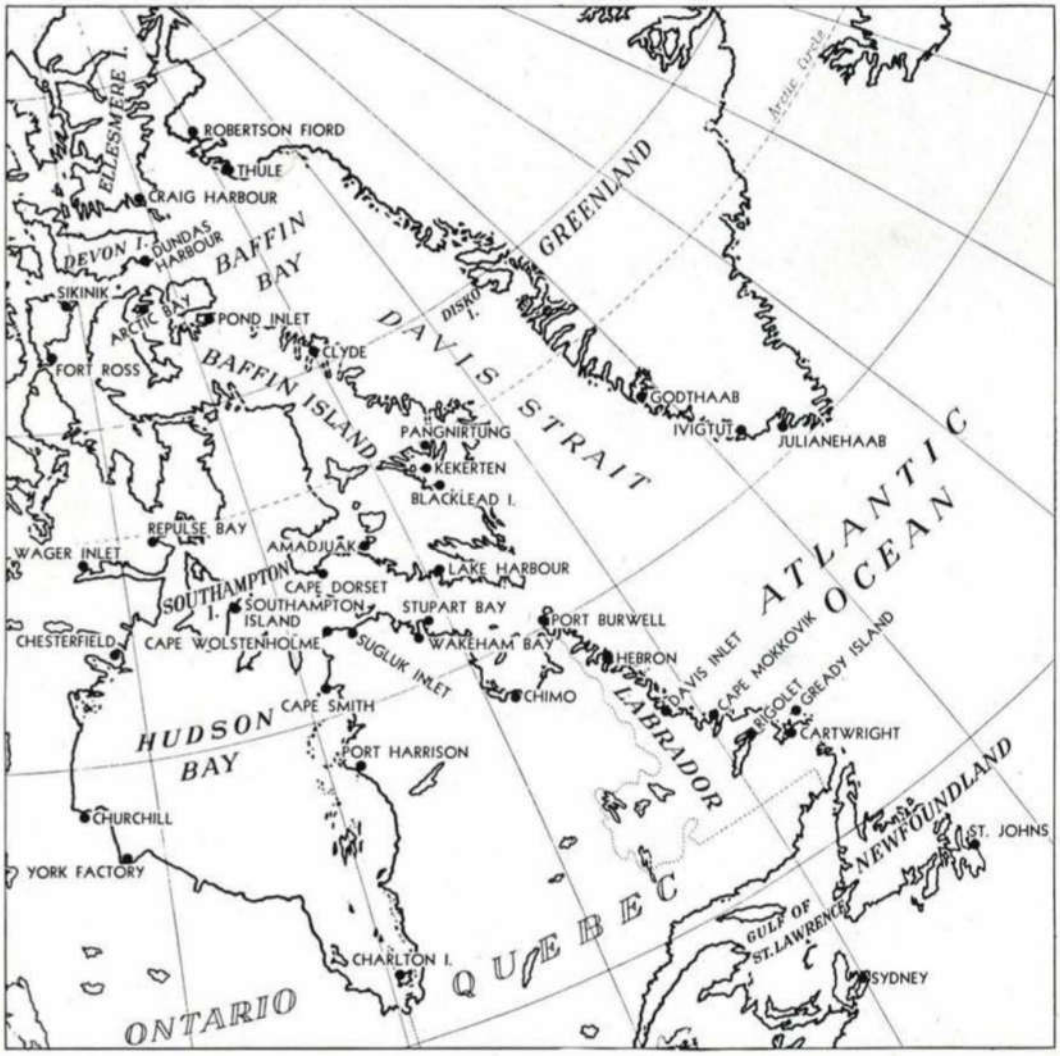
In 1925, when en route from Port Burwell to Wolstenholme, on July 23, Captain Smellie received a wireless S.O.S. from the Company's ship *Bayeskimo*, carrying supplies for fourteen posts, which had been crushed by heavy ice in Ungava Bay, 160 miles away. The *Nascopie* at once turned about and steamed as fast as the ice would let her towards the sinking ship. Next morning at seven, puffs of smoke were sighted on the horizon, and shortly afterwards boats full of people were seen in the ice. The other passengers and members of the crew were soon found waiting on an ice floe, where they had been for sixteen hours, mak-

The "Nascopie" in her dazzle-paint camouflage at Port Burwell, Aug. 1st, 1918. Left: Capt. T. F. Smellie, O.B.E., master in 1917-19, 1922-5, and 1933-45.

ing intermittent smoke signals by burning deerskins soaked in oil. The *Nascopie* hove to alongside the floe, picked up the passengers and crew with the mail they had salvaged, and took them over to Port Burwell. From there they were taken south by a Moravian mission ship and a Newfoundland government steamer. The supplies lost on the *Bayeskimo* were replaced by the *Peveril*, which was chartered by the Company and left Montreal on August 24.

Next year, Captain Smellie took command of the Company's new Arctic ship, *Bayrupert*, and was succeeded in his old command by Capt. F. Walker. Capt. Walker took the *Nascopie* farther north than she had ever been—to Tukik ("The Moon")—now known as Arctic Bay, the most northerly H B C post, which was established on September 12-17, then on to Sikinik ("The Sun") at the north east tip of Somerset Island, where another new post was built on Sept. 18-22 and some white trappers put ashore to investigate the fur resources of the island. Both these posts were closed next year on the creation of the Arctic Fur Preserve.

In 1927, Capt. Mack was back on the bridge of his old ship, and for the first time since 1913 she went hunting seals off the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. That summer she did not go north of Hudson Strait, but made two trips from St. John's to the Bay and back, including her last annual call



All the black dots on this map represent the "Nascopie's" ports of call in Eastern Canada at various times between 1912 and 1947.

Governor P. Ashley Cooper with Capt. Smellie, Chief Engineer Newlands, and the other officers, photographed on the "Nascopie's" historic departure from Britain, June 1933.

Passengers on the 1933 voyage into Hudson Bay watch the ship nosing aside ice floes. Max Sauer

at Charlton Depot. Next year, Capt. J. W. Murray took command until the end of the 1930 season.

While sealing off Newfoundland in the spring of 1929, she rescued the crew of the sinking S.S. *Florencia*, which was then set on fire. That was a bad year for ice, and the *Nascopie* herself was damaged by it. The log of the chief engineer for March 12 reads:

"Ice rafting tremendous pressure both sides aft pressure moving aft and caught rudder, star quarter block wheel . . . carried off the deck broken in 8 pieces. Bridge stanchions beset.

"Steering wheel split, chain drum shaft star side at Engine twisted . . . Propeller jammed could not move engines . . . In my experience this is the heaviest ice and worst year for ice. Rafting so much no layman can credit what ice pressure can do, how quick it rafts and lets up again so quickly . . ."

After her annual round of the H B C posts in 1930, the *Nascopie* sailed back to Ardrossan, and there she stayed for three winters and two summers, while the Eastern Arctic posts were supplied by the S.S. *Ungava*.

When the *Nascopie* finally did sail again, on June 16, 1933, she brought to an end a tradition of two hundred and sixty-five years. Every year since 1668, with few exceptions, the supply ships of the Hudson's Bay Company had been plying between the United Kingdom and Hudson Bay, carrying trade goods to the posts and bringing back furs for the London market. Now, for the last time, the annual Company ship was to set sail from a British port. Thenceforth, the *Nascopie* and her successors were to be based in Canada and managed by the Company's Canadian Committee.

The old ship, setting off on her twentieth voyage to Hudson Bay, was given a send-off in keeping with the importance of the occasion. The Governor, P. Ashley Cooper, and the secretary, J. Chadwick Brooks, flew up from London to be present at a luncheon held in the saloon just prior to sailing, at which Captain Smellie presided. The Governor's speech on this occasion was published in the *Beaver* for September 1933. "With modern improvements in communications and transport and regular ocean services," he pointed out, "it is no longer necessary for us to send a ship from this side of the Atlantic. We anticipate the *Nascopie* will remain permanently in Canadian waters, and her fur collection each year will be shipped to England by the regular liners for sale in London. . . . This may indeed be the last occasion on which the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company will make an inspection of the Company's vessels on this side. Of how few things can it be said without emotion, 'It is for the last time!'"

That year saw other innovations in the service rendered by the *Nascopie*, chief among which was the carrying of tourist passengers. Six Americans went aboard her, for all or part of the voyage, and three Germans—Dr. Colin Ross, "newspaper correspondent," and his family. The other passengers, both ingoing and outcoming, consisted of 23 H B C men, women and children, 15 Eskimos (going from post to post), 24 government men, including 14 members of the R.C.M.P., 10 missionaries, 5 Revillon Frères men, T. H. Manning of the British Canadian Arctic Expedition, a King's Scout, and Max Sauer, a photographer commissioned by the *Beaver*. Major D. L. McKeand headed the government party for the second year.

On this voyage the *Nascopie* went much farther north than on previous voyages, calling at Dundas Harbour on Devon Island, Craig Harbour on Ellesmere Island, and then at Robertson Fiord, over in Greenland, in about Lat. 77° 40′ N. This was the most northerly port she was ever to visit. She called there in order to return to their homeland the Eskimo families who had been employed by the R.C.M.P. at Bache Peninsula, and whom she had picked up at Craig Harbour.

Next year, the Governor and Mrs. Cooper joined the *Nascopie* at Montreal and sailed aboard her as far as Churchill. It was the first time a governor of the Company had ever visited the great inland sea from which the Company takes its name. On this occasion the ship went to Charlton Island, and from there the Governor flew to Moose Factory and Rupert's House—the two oldest posts.

On the way north to Churchill, the *Nascopie* was stuck in the ice for several days off Cape Henrietta Maria. During the voyage, a wreath from the Royal Empire Society was cast on the waters of Hudson Bay in memory of the man who had discovered it, three hundred and twenty-four years before.

The publicity attending this historic voyage brought the ship into the national limelight, and ever since then, through the mediums of newspaper and magazine, her annual voyage to the far north has captured the imagination of readers from coast to coast. The old ship, performing her voyage faithfully year after year, through fog and storm and ice, in war as well as peace, became a national institution—a sturdy symbol of Canada's sovereignty in the Arctic.

To show the hold she had upon the imagination of the man-in-the-street, it will suffice to quote here some passages from a story in the Montreal *Gazette* of July 15, 1936, written by John R. Sturdy:

"That brave little veteran of the Arctic seas, the Royal Mail ship *Nascopie*, is on her long way this morning to the top o' the world.

"As she steamed out of Montreal yesterday, ablaze with pennants and her red ensign flying proudly at her stern, and as ships in the harbor spoke with blasting whistles a last farewell, the ice scarred vessel was breaking contact with big cities for three months. Ten thousand miles of voyaging lay before her, and a mission of trade, of relief and law and order, and of mercy, that stretches to within 800 miles of the Pole.

"She sailed on this long Arctic voyage, and perhaps there is nothing more to say. It is an old story. It is 266 years old, with its beginning on that day when the first little ship of the Governor and Company of Adventurerers of England trading into Hudson's Bay set sail from Great Britain to the Arctic.

"But it is always fresh. It is the story of one of the few adventures left on earth, and Montreal, having seen the *Nascopie* sail so many times, has nevertheless never tired of the drama and the romance of this little ship as she puts out into the stream.

"When she went yesterday morning there were crowds to see her off. On her decks stood red-coated men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, going north on the long patrol of law and order that stretches across the eastern Arctic. There were priests and scientists and doctors—each with a mission in the Arctic—and in her holds were loaded the supplies, the medicines and the equipment that mean the difference between life and death to the men who stand guard in the Far North.

"She cast off her lines at 10 a.m., going astern from the wharf, and then, as her whistle shrilled in long echoing blasts, she straightened out and slowly moved downstream. The crowds on the pier waved arms and handkerchiefs and hats in a last, too-quick farewell. There were tears in many eyes. Some of those figures on the heavily loaded decks were leaving for long vigils in the Arctic that would last one, three or five years. . . .

"Across the river the harbor tug *Sir Hugh Allan* was the first ship to bid her a rousing farewell. The blasts of whistles filled the air. More quickly, as waving hands grew less distinct, the *Nascopie* slid downstream, black smoke pouring from her funnel, her heavily loaded hull deep in the water.

"As she passed the end of King Edward pier, the Royal Canadian Navy destroyer H.M.C.S. *Champlain* saluted the veteran Arctic ship. White ensign and red ensign dipped in passing. Then further down H.M.C.S. *Saguenay* paid her respects to the *Nascopie*, and the ensigns dipped again.

"She continued on her way, the crowds still lingering on the pier, still waving, and as she steamed downstream the ships in the harbor, all the way to Vickers and below, said good-bye to her with shrieking whistles. . . . .

"The 267th sailing of the Hudson's Bay Company to the Arctic was under way."

The outstanding events in the 1937 voyage were the founding of Fort Ross and the meeting with the H B C motor schooner *Aklavik*. Before the *Nascopie* had dropped anchor in Depot Bay, where Fort Ross was to be erected, the *Aklavik* under the command of "Scotty" Gall was seen coming from the mouth of Bellot Strait, which had never before been navigated by a vessel of any size. The schooner came alongside the steamer and they exchanged cargoes—furs from the Western Arctic being swung into the hold of the *Nascopie* and trade goods from the East being taken aboard the *Aklavik*. Thus were trading connections established for the first time in a single year via the Northwest Passage.*

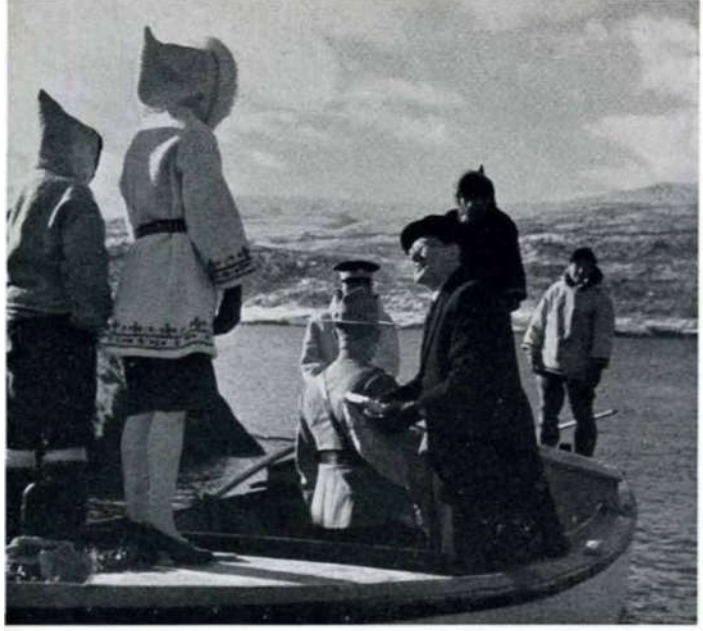
When the *Nascopie* left Depot Bay six days later, the construction of Fort Ross was well advanced, and L. A. Learmonth placed in charge.

Another important feature of this voyage was the installation of the first H B C radio stations in the Eastern Arctic—at Leaf River, Cape Dorset, Cape Smith, and Arctic Bay. The radio at Arctic Bay post, which had been reopened in 1936, was to play an important part in the marriage of Post Manager Alan Scott, and in the birth of his firstborn.

In 1934, the ship gets stuck in the ice off Cape Henrietta Maria. Governor Cooper is in the foreground. Harvey Bassett.

Below: Dr. M. O. Malte, botanist, throws a quoit. Others are Dr. H. C. Gunning, geologist (with pipe), J. M. Stanners, H B C, and R. J. C. Handford, Revillon Freres (two on left). Max Sauer.

*In 1930, the H B C schooners *Fort McPherson* from the west and *Fort James* from the east exchanged cargoes at King William Island post; but the *Fort James* had wintered there.



F. R. E. Sparks, Post Office Dept. representative, comes ashore at Pangnirtung in an R.C.M.P. boat. In the bow is an Eskimo boy and a nurse from the Anglican mission hospital. Natl. Film Bd.

Above: Bales of white fox skins from the H B post at Arctic Bay go aboard the scow for the "Nascopie," seen beyond. Lorene Squire.

Below: Dr. C. H. M. Williams examines an Eskimo's teeth at Chesterfield. J.W.A.

This wedding took place the following year on board the ship at Arctic Bay. The bride had come out from Scotland in response to a radioed proposal from Mr. Scott, and the marriage service was conducted by Rt. Rev. A. L. Fleming, Anglican Bishop of the Arctic, who by this time had become a familiar passenger on the annual voyage. The maid of honour was Miss Lorene Squire, who was the first professional photographer to make the northern half of the cruise, and whose pictures have graced many a *Beaver* (including this one) since then.

Greenland was visited by the *Nascopie* for the second time when she called at Thule to pick up two Eskimo families—complete with komatiks and dogs—for the R.C.M.P. detachment at Craig Harbour. After a winter berthed at Halifax, she crossed to England for the first time since 1933, and spent the spring being extensively refitted at Falmouth.

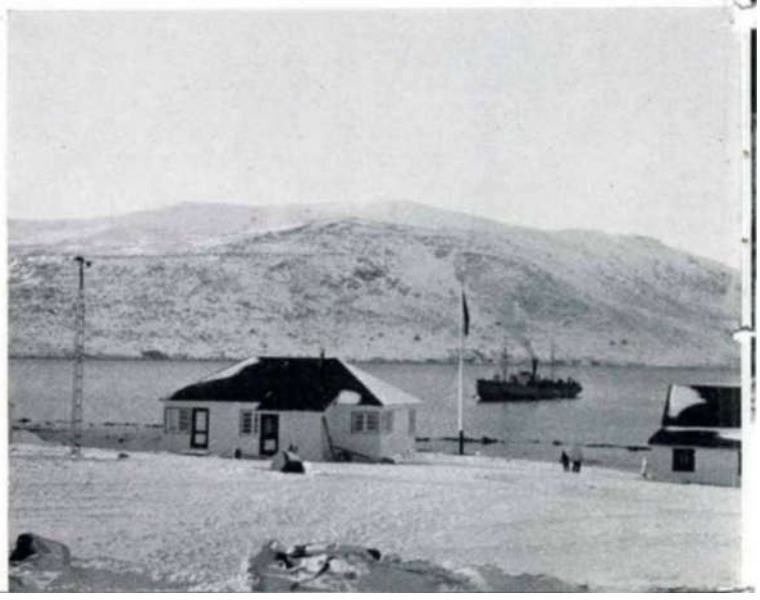
The Eastern Arctic cruise had by this time become so popular among tourists that twenty-one of them made the voyage in 1939. A special ceremony was organized for those crossing the Arctic Circle for the first time, similar to that observed when crossing the equator, and two of the passengers, suitably costumed, presided as King Boreas and Queen Aurora. The jollity was cut short, however, when a true Arctic gale descended, and soon piled the decks with driven snow. It was a portent of the storm then gathering in Europe. The day the ship cleared from Fort Ross, the news came over the radio that Hitler had invaded Poland.

At Arctic Bay, the next port of call, Evelyn Pace Scott, the post manager's firstborn, was christened. As she had been born farther north than any other white child in the British Empire, the event was of some significance, and even the wife of Canada's Governor-General had sent a gift to the baby. (See the December 1939 *Beaver*.)

When the ship reached Pangnirtung, another ceremony was held—but one of a very different nature. An Eskimo had been accused of manslaughter, and was tried by jury with all the official paraphernalia of a Canadian court of justice. The verdict was insanity.

The pictures in the L-shaped group on these two pages illustrate some of the services provided by the "Nascopie"—for missions, hospitals, R.C.M.P., the P.O. Dept., Medicine, Law, Government, and the H B C.

The veteran ship brings supplies to the H B post at Pangnirtung in 1942. N. Ross.



After leaving Hebron, Labrador, on the way south, everyone on board became very conscious of the fact that a state of war existed. Portholes were covered at night, the lifeboats were provisioned and swung out ready for action; and before docking at Halifax on September 23 the ship was met and examined by a naval patrol.

The following year the *Nascopie* made an early trip with supplies for Greenland and returned with a cargo of cryolite (used in the making of aluminum) from the mine at Ivigtut. This was discharged at Port Alfred on the Saguenay, for the Aluminum Company of Canada, and in July the ship sailed on her regular voyage, dressed in a new coat of drab war-grey, and armed with a 3.7-inch naval gun and an anti-aircraft gun.

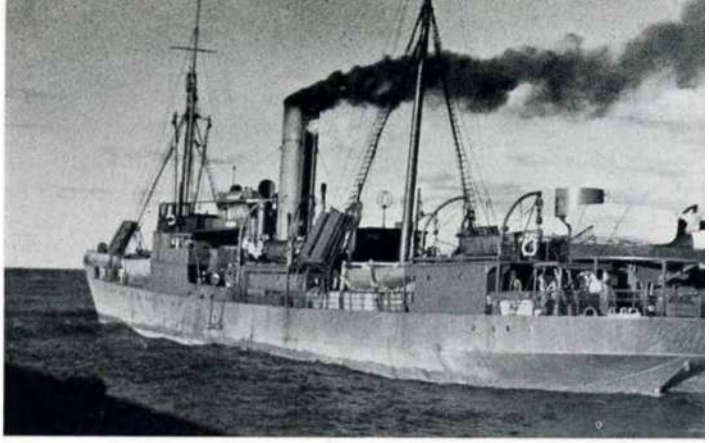
At the western terminus of her voyage, Fort Ross, a post office was set up, and radio stations installed at Clyde and Pond's Inlet. Two weddings took place on board—one the most northerly ever performed in the British Empire, off Thule. Leaving Pangnirtung, the ship steered for Godthaab, capital of Greenland, and after three days there, went on to pick up more cryolite at Ivigtut which she delivered at Port Alfred.

That winter, she carried cargo from Halifax to U.S. ports and down to the West Indies.

1941 was a bad year for ice, but the skill of her commander and the power of her engines brought the old *Nascopie* safely through it all. Captain Smellie's navigating ability was strikingly demonstrated again this year when approaching the post at Pond's Inlet in a blinding snowstorm. Though the inlet is narrow, neither shore could be seen, but after "steaming blind" for over an hour, the captain figured he was in the right spot, and gave the order to stop engines and drop the anchor. When the storm cleared, there lay the post, right opposite where the *Nascopie* was anchored.

On this voyage, despite wartime conditions, ten American passengers went along for the cruise. But this was the last year that tourists were carried on the *Nascopie*.

The longest of her voyages took place the following year, when she was 135 days between Montreal and Port Alfred. This year for the first time the old ship found the ice so heavy in Prince Regent Inlet that she was unable to get in to Fort Ross. On the way home she called at Julianehaab in Greenland, and after leaving there, experienced one of the worst storms in her history. The wind squalls reached a velocity of 100 m.p.h., and the old *Nascopie*, being lightly laden, was tossed around like a cork, rolling "rails under." It was only with difficulty that the cargo scows were saved from being washed overboard.



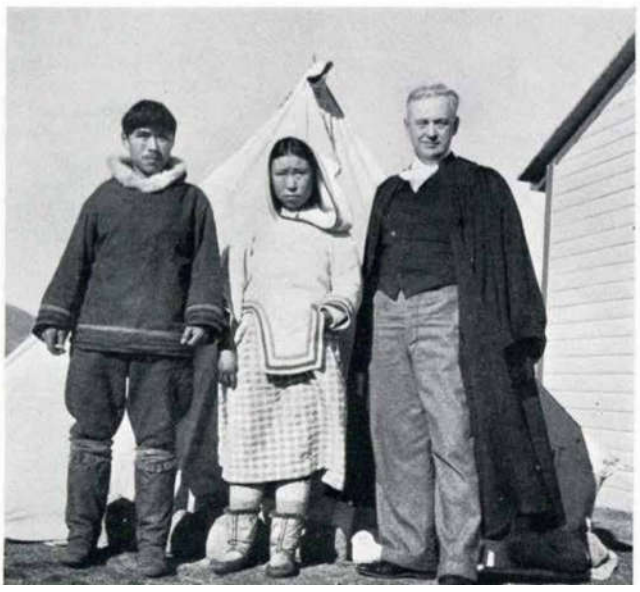
The "Nascopie" in her dress of war grey, outward bound from Churchill in 1945. Ted Clymer.

In 1943, for the second time in succession, the *Nascopie* was unable to get in to Fort Ross on account of the ice, and arrangements had later to be made with the U.S. A.A.F. to fly out the post manager, W. A. Heslop, with his wife and D. Munro, the clerk. On this occasion the ship was actually frozen to the ice pack, and only with the greatest difficulty was she extricated. (See the *Beaver*, March 1944.)

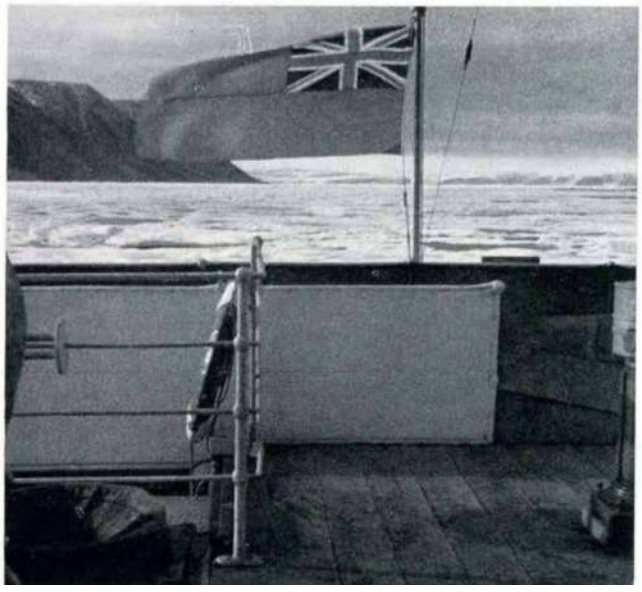
Next year, however, the ship was able to get through to Bellot Strait, and Fort Ross was reopened. This was Major McKeand's thirteenth and last voyage in charge of the Government party, but in 1945 when his place was taken by J. G. Wright, he made the northern half of the trip to preside as magistrate at two Eskimo trials—one at Chesterfield and one at Fort Ross. The trial at Fort Ross was held in the ship's saloon, and the defendant, an Eskimo woman accused of murdering her husband, convicted of manslaughter.

That year (1945) was the centenary of Sir John Franklin's last voyage into the Arctic, and a special commemorative service was held on board while the *Nascopie* was off Beechey Island, where Franklin's ships wintered in 1845-6.

The most northerly port of the voyage was reached at Dundas Harbour, where the R.C.M.P. post was



Katchoo, tried for manslaughter in 1939, with his wife and F. G. Whitaker, counsel for the defence. R. Marriott.



The Red Ensign flies above the Arctic wastes. J.W.A.

Top: The captain's table, 1938. Left to right: J. W. Anderson, manager Ungava district, H B C; R. C. Bishop Clabaut; Ralph Parsons, H B C Fur Trade Commissioner; Capt. Smellie; Major D. L. McKeand; Supt. T. B. Caulkin, R.C.M.P.; W. E. Brown, Nelson River district manager, H B C. Lorene Squire.

Inset: Chief Steward Arthur Reed.

Capt. James Waters, chief officer of the "Nascopie" in 1941-5, and master in 1946-7. Natl. Film Bd.

reopened, and a post office established. This post had been occupied by the police from 1924 to 1933, and by the Company from 1934-36.

For the first time since 1939, there was little danger during the voyage of an attack by a submarine, since Germany had capitulated before the *Nascopie* sailed. Steaming down Lancaster Sound, the glad news was received that Japan had also surrendered. This, coupled with comparative freedom from ice and an abundance of fine weather made the 1945 voyage an especially cheerful one. For Captain Smellie, however, the pleasure of sailing under such happy conditions was tinged with regret, for this was his last voyage on the old *Nascopie*. It was twenty-eight years since he had first assumed command of her, and together they had come through divers perils and adventures in the ice-filled seas of the Arctic. Retiring with him was Chief Steward Arthur Reed, who had sailed with the *Nascopie* since the days of the first great war.

Captain Smellie's place was taken by Capt. James Waters, who had sailed as first officer on the *Nascopie* since 1941. In the first year of his command, despite extremely heavy ice off the west coast of Hudson Bay, he brought her home to Montreal five days ahead of schedule. In that year, for the first time, the ship was equipped with radar. This did not mean that she would have no more trouble with field ice: on the contrary, owing to the ice the slowest run of her career was made between Cape Smith and Port Harrison—seven days for a normal 26-hour trip. But it did mean that icebergs and other objects well up above the surface of the water could be avoided in darkness and fog.

For this voyage—which, as it turned out, was to be her last round trip to the Arctic—the *Nascopie* was decked out in her peacetime colours of black, white and buff; but, though there were plenty of applications, there was no room for tourists. Since the wartime invasion of the Eastern Arctic by large numbers of white men bringing the diseases of civilization, the health of the Eskimos had become of increasing concern to the Federal Government, and on each voyage for some years past medical and ocular and dental practitioners had been included in the passenger list. On this 1946 cruise about 1500 X-ray photos were taken of the natives and regular clinics were organized at each port of call. In what proved to be her last trip up the St. Lawrence, the 34-year-old vessel made record time, and docked in Montreal on October 5.

The *Nascopie* sailed from there for her last, tragic voyage on Saturday morning, July 5, 1947. She was fully dressed with signal flags, and the hot sun shone down on her decks jammed with the usual northern crowd of fur traders, Government officials, Mounted Police, missionaries, scientists, doctors, nurses, radio men, and all the others who were bound for the Arctic —some for a year, some for two or three. Friends and relatives lined the stone quayside, and the whole scene was one of gay and hurried animation. Travelling as she would be in peacetime, through waters she knew so well, no one dreamed that the *Nascopie* would never again return to the home port from which she had set sail almost every summer for thirty-four years.

Her hold was full and her decks crowded with cargo that could not be stowed below. With a final blast on her siren she cast off, and the tugs headed her away downstream. The supply boat of the Company of Adventurers of England, deeply laden with Outfit 278, was off on another voyage trading into Hudson's Bay.

At Cartwright on the Labrador she picked up her wooden cargo scows and forged northwards along the coast to historic Hudson Strait. Though the season was late (snow fell at Sugluk) little ice was encountered, and Lake Harbour, Sugluk, and Wolstenholme were all visited on schedule. On the morning of July 21 she left Wolstenholme and steamed north across the Strait for Cape Dorset. The sky was overcast and threatening, but the sea was smooth.

At 3.20 p.m., with only the briefest warning of danger, she struck a steeply rising uncharted reef off Beacon Island, at the entrance to Dorset harbour.

Directly the graph needle on the echo sounding machine gave a jump, Captain Waters ordered full speed astern; but though the order was carried out before she struck, it was too late to stop her. She hit once, twice, then came to rest.

All thirty-two passengers except Postmaster R. A. Haddon were ordered ashore to the settlement at Cape Dorset. About midnight, on the high tide, efforts were made to pull the ship off the reef with the aid of a kedge anchor astern, but the hawser snapped without moving her an inch. The tide was still rising, however, and suddenly, with her engines going full astern, she floated off.

Anchored in deep water, she was seen to be taking a considerable amount of water, but the bilge pumps managed to cope with any intake. The weather, however, had taken a turn for the worse. About three a.m. the order was given to weigh anchor and get under way. But without any speed, and being waterlogged forward, the ship proved unmanageable in the strong tide rips around Beacon Island. Presently her bow touched the reef again, and to prevent her running aground once more, the engines were reversed.

It was then that she drove hard aground on another part of the reef, with her screw half out of the water, and took a thirty-degree list to starboard. From that moment she was doomed, and the captain gave the order to abandon ship.

In the course of the next day or two, all the mail was salvaged, and part of her food supplies, the ship's bell and silver, and other odds and ends. But her cargo, like the *Nascopie* herself, was a total loss.

On the evening of the 23rd, the Company Canso *Polar Bear* flew in from Churchill with fresh meat, fruit and eggs for the eighty-two survivors crowded together into the little settlement of Cape Dorset, and took out eleven company personnel. Five of them, including Post Manager Alan Scott and his family of three were dropped off at Southampton Island, where they were to be stationed, and the others flown out to Winnipeg. The rest of the passengers and crew were picked up by the Government icebreaker *N. B. McLean*, which had been ordered from Belle Isle Strait to the scene of the wreck as soon as Ottawa received the news, and taken to Churchill.

The "Nascopie" at low tide after she struck the reef for the first time. **H. W. Chitty**

So ended the adventurous career of Canada's most celebrated cargo ship. In a year or two she was destined to be retired, and who knows to what inglorious end she might have come—perhaps a dingy tramp, bound for the shipbreakers' yard, or a coal hulk anchored in some smoky port. How much better that the old ship should die in the clean, spacious Northland where she belonged, and where her annual visits, faithful as the seasons, brought joy and a touch of home to many a dweller in the barren Arctic. Down the years she had come to be looked upon with great affection by the men and women of the North; for they knew that the old *Nascopie* could be depended upon to bring them at "shiptime," summer after summer, the comforts of civilization and contacts with their own people, even to within the shadow of the Pole.

As these words are written, she still lies on that deadly reef, rocked and pounded by the merciless waves. One day, she will slip off into deep water, and not even her masthead, which for so long carried the flag of the Adventurers, will remain to mark her grave.

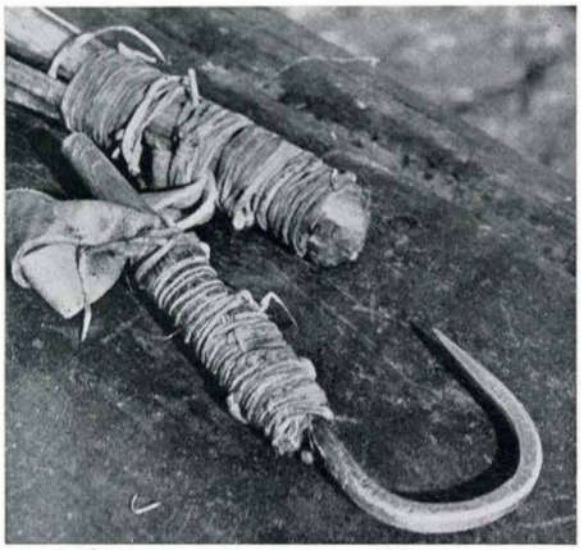
Farewell to "Nascopie." Capt. Waters (left) and Capt. Caron of the "N. B. McLean" take a last look at the gallant old ship. **Norman Ross**

Chief Jack Joseph wields his gaff. The length of the pole gives an idea of the water's depth below the falls.

ABORIGINAL GAFFERS

Story and Pictures by
P. W. D. Tourner

The detachable end of the gaff.



ON a precarious ledge overlooking a back eddy just below the Bulkley River Falls stands an Indian. He is barefoot for safety, and although there has been considerable change in his costume down through the years, from buckskin to blue serge, his purpose in standing there remains unchanged. His purpose is to catch the salmon, his winter food supply.

This man catches his fish with a gaff, not an ordinary gaff as used by the sport fisherman, but one of special construction. The main pole of the gaff is a fifteen-foot length of sapling with a socket in one end. Into this socket fits a short piece of wood to which is fastened the hook. These two pieces are then secured to each other by a thong so that the hook may be pulled free of the socket and yet remain connected to the main pole. By this means the fish, which is usually able to wiggle himself off a fixed hook, wastes his energy in vibrating the hook and is not so liable to escape.

This type of gear has its limitations, though; for some fish do escape, and since they are injured by the gaff, they are unable to make their way to the spawning beds to propagate their kind. The loss incurred in this fashion causes some concern among the biologists responsible for the conservation of the salmon.

Several miles down river from where the Bulkley River enters the Skeena, another method of fishing must be employed, because at this point in the river there are no overhanging banks from which to use the gaff, and no pools or back eddies in which the fish rest on their journey to the spawning beds. However,

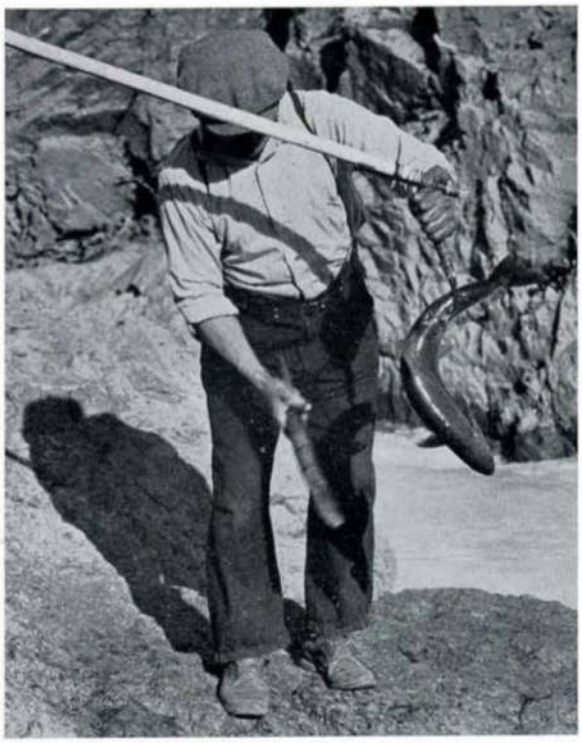
since the current runs more slowly here, it is possible to use an adaptation of the method employed in the commercial fishery, the gill-net. This net, which is of shorter length than the commercial article, is fastened to the shore at one end and is supported by bladders. The bladders are required in the place of the wooden floats used by the ocean fisherman, since the current is so much stronger in the river than in the ocean that the net would be sunk and rendered useless if only wooden floats were used. The owners visit their nets periodically in their dug-out canoes and remove the fish.

Yet another method is used by the tribes located on the Fraser River. Their method is similar to that first mentioned in that it is conducted from an overhanging bank, but it is different in that a dip-net is used in place of the gaff. The dip-net used is similar to a butterfly net in construction, but much larger. The fish may be caught more quickly with a dip-net than with a gaff, but the method is more laborious because it is difficult to manoeuver a dip-net in a strong current.

Once the fish have been caught, by whatever manner, the preparation is the same. The heads and tails are removed, the fish are cleaned and laid open for smoking. The flesh is smoked, without any further preparation, by suspending it vertically from the rafters of a smoke-house with narrow strips of bark which have been made pliable by soaking them in water. On the floor of the smoke-house a fire of green wood is lit, and from it the smoke rises through the rows of fish, curing them in a matter of five to seven days. After the smoking, the fish are removed to the home of the owner.

The smoke-house itself, of which there are several on each reserve, is of log construction, about thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide and twelve feet high, and it has a gable roof, the ends of which are open to permit the smoke to escape. Directly behind each smoke-house is a small shack raised from the ground about seven feet on poles. It was the custom, years ago, for the smoke-house owner to keep his fish in this shack.

This taking of the fish from the river provides, for some, an article of trade as well as of food. On the Hagwelget Reserve, for instance, some Indians gaff lampreys, dry them in the sun, and then trade them to other tribes in the district. Such an opportunity is available only to those who use the gaff method, because the lamprey, which is very much like an eel,



Chief Jack Joseph holds a wriggling fish on the gaff and kills it with a club.

can slip through the mesh of the gill-net. Another bit of commercialism is seen in the practice carried on by one elderly Indian woman. This woman is too infirm to fish for herself so, in order to obtain her requirements, she takes care of the fires in several smoke-houses for a share of the produce.

The privilege of fishing above the commercial fishing boundary with any means other than the sport fisherman's fly or spoon is solely that of the Indian living on a reserve. Even he is limited in the interests of the conservation of the salmon to the methods authorized by the federal government. The Indian is permitted to fish in this manner under the terms of the Indian Act because, to many of them, no other method of maintenance is known.

In the upper part of the smoke house, the split fish are hung up to dry. Shafts of sunlight show the smokiness of the atmosphere.

Adult muskox. The largest bulls stand 70 ins. high at the shoulder. N.Y. Zoological Socy.

OVIBOS MOSCHATUS

by Richard G. Glover

I HAD often heard," writes Warburton Pike in the preface to his book on the Barrens, "of a strange animal, a relic of an earlier age, that was still to be found roaming . . . the vast desert that lies between Hudson's Bay, the eastern ends of the three great lakes of the North, and the Arctic Sea. This animal was the muskox." To call any living creature a relic, seems a little harsh; but the earlier age to which Pike referred was the Ice Age. In that era the muskox was found with the caribou and ptarmigan as far south as what is now France; and as the dominion of the ice and snow withdrew toward the Pole, the muskox followed, till it now lives only in the Arctic possessions of Canada and Denmark. Its more or less fossilized remains have been found scattered through Europe, Siberia and Alaska (in the last of which its extinction is recent).

The first white man to see the muskox was Henry Kelsey, who discovered two of the animals northwest of Churchill in 1689. He describes its appearance well, if ungrammatically. Under date of July 9, he writes: "in ye Evening spyed two Buffillo—left our things and pursued ym—we Kill'd one—they are ill shapen beast—their Body being bigger than an ox—leg and foot like ye same but not half so long—a long neck and head a hog—their Horns not growing like other Beast but joyn together upon their forehead and so come down ye side of their head and turn up till ye tips be Even with ye Buts—their Hair is near a foot long." In Scottish dialect and in parts of rural England, the word "hog" is used of a sheep before its first shearing; so when Kelsey says, "head a hog," he may be reasonably understood as meaning sheeplike, not piglike. Thus his description is true enough, but the muskox is a more striking animal than he suggests. To E. T. Seton, who "had expected so see something like a large brown sheep," a muskox bull "looked like a South African Buffalo and a Prairie Bison combined;" and Seton's photographs, like some others, show a beast with an impressive hump carried well forward. This hump is somehow missing from muskoxen one sees mounted in museums. Why? one may ask; and perhaps an answer is provided by David Hanbury, who says: "When a muskox is in really prime condition layers of fat are to be found on the neck; fat does not form on the back." Hanbury found some sixty pounds of fat on a muskox bull killed on the 7th of August, and Seton met his on the 16th of the same month; hence no doubt the hump. (The bison's hump is, of course, formed by a lengthening of the bones of the back; this is not found in the muskox, whose hump would seem to be a seasonal affair, like the camel's, and is emphasized by an erect mane.)

Samuel Hearne, with his interest in animals, love of accuracy, and thirty months spent on the Barrens, is the best, as he is also the earliest, authority on the habits of the muskox; but almost his first statement has been contradicted. "The number of bulls," he

writes, "is very few in proportion to the cows; for it is rare to see more than two or three grown bulls with the largest herd." Frank Russell, who hunted muskoxen in 1893, says the opposite—"in one band of eleven which we killed there were eight males; in another in which twenty-five were killed there were only two females." But the fact is the muskox seems to conform to no particular rule. Therein it offers a contrast to many of the larger cloven hoofed animals, among which the mothers with their calves and the other immature animals herd together, while the males either form their own herds or wander alone, (except in the rut). This is the case with the American bison, as Matthew Cocking first recorded, the European bison, the European red deer and the wapiti.

But no such system can be laid down for the muskox. Caspar Whitney says: "In March and April we found bulls and cows together, though the number of cows very largely predominated. One herd we encountered was all bulls, another all cows save a few yearling and two-year-old bull calves." Again Frank Hennessey, who saw many muskoxen on Melville Island in 1908-9, told Dr. Allen, "during the winter the animals always herd. . . . Towards the coming of summer herds always break up;" but on June 26, 1929, W. H. B. Hoare saw three herds, one of forty-seven, one of twenty-six, one of seventeen in the Thelon Valley. These contradictions emphasize how fresh a field of study awaits any young biologist who is willing to live two or three years on the Barrens with the muskoxen and his binoculars as companions.

The rut takes place in August, says Hearne; and then the bulls "are so jealous of the cows that they run at either man or beast who offers to approach them; and have been observed to run and bellow at ravens and other large birds which chanced to light near them." He adds that the young were born in May or June, which would give a nine-months pregnancy like the bison and domestic cattle. In captivity, muskox cows have been found to become pregnant only once in two years unless the calf died or was forcibly weaned. The alternate barren years would imply long suckling and late natural weaning—a very suitable arrangement for a young animal in so severe a country as the land of the muskox. The muskox also seems to mature slowly. In August 1930 thirty-four young muskoxen were captured in Greenland to restock Alaska and, although some were already two years old when caught, by May 1933 no calves had yet been born in their new Alaskan home. One calf at birth is the rule.

Of their food, Hearne says muskoxen will eat "anything; though they seem fondest of grass, yet in Winter, when that article cannot be had in sufficient quantity, they will eat moss, or any other herbage they can find, as also the tops of willows and the tender branches of the pine tree." The statement that muskoxen eat moss has been challenged by later travellers, who found only grass and twigs in the stomachs of beasts they killed; but Hearne had a way of knowing what he was talking about and is corroborated by W. H. B. Hoare, who in November 1928 found muskoxen feeding on moss in preference to grass. Willows seem an important item. The authorities at the Copenhagen Zoo, who gave willow loppings to a captive muskox expecting it to eat the leaves, were surprised at its fondness for the bark.

Today it seems accepted that, in contrast to the caribou, the muskox never migrates. Hearne noticed that their droppings prove the presence of muskox on the Barrens throughout the winter; and the muskox of Melville Island at least cannot migrate, for in the worst months of the year blizzards keep Melville Sound open. But it is dangerous to use such sweeping words as "always" and "never" when speaking of animals' habits. The H B C chief factor Roderick MacFarlane, who studied the birds and animals of the Northwest when muskox were still common, says definitely: "As spring advanced the muskoxen of the Anderson country migrated northward." In 1911 Dr. R. M. Anderson was told the same story by the Eskimos of Coronation Gulf, so it would seem best to keep an open mind about the movements of the muskox. They certainly strayed at times from the Barrens into the woods; and Hanbury noted their habit of "horning" trees—apparently rubbing and slashing the trees as deer do when stripping their antlers of velvet. They delight in rough country, and Hearne and later travellers have been moved to admiration by their agility and surefootedness among rocks.

Muskoxen had few natural enemies. Their sense of smell is keen, and they may flee at the approach of an enemy; and if they flee, they really travel. "Muskox, when disturbed, leave for another part of the country. It is hopeless to follow them," says Hanbury. But frequently they stand their ground in a bunch and offer to fight; of this habit, Warburton Pike

Young Muskoxen at the New York Zoo.

This ladle or bailer made from muskox horn was given to Capt. C. F. Hall in the late 60's by a Netchilik woman. They are still used in some parts of the Arctic.

writes: "There is an idea prevalent that the old muskox form a regular square, with the young in the centre . . . but on the two occasions when I saw a band held in this manner, the animals were standing in a confused mass, shifting their ground to make a short run at a too impetuous dog and with the young ones as often as not in the front of the line." Whether or not their formations would please a drill sergeant, they gave an adequate defence against wolves, which, says Hanbury, were always hanging around the muskoxen; and they made the killing of muskoxen a risky job for primitive man.

The Norwegian captor of the muskox sent to Alaska spoke of the need of speed and caution even in roping young muskoxen after "the old animals had been disposed of;" you lassoed one at peril of counter attack by the rest. Pike's Indians were all afraid of muskoxen, which, said one to Pike, "were not like other animals; they were very cunning, could understand what a man was saying and play many tricks to deceive him; it was not safe to go too near." How different this from the Indian's way with the buffalo! Readers will recall Anthony Hendry's report of how the Plains Indians would "take the arrows out of them [buffalo] when they are foaming and raging with pain and tearing the ground up with their feet till they fall down."

Muskoxen are no gentler with each other than with their enemies. "There is much violence in a flock of muskoxen," wrote the Norwegian quoted above; and he tells of watching a herd, while two animals "wandered away from each other to a distance of some 50 meters and then took a run and flew against each other. The loser left the battlefield." Other travellers too have witnessed the fights of muskoxen, out of the breeding season and for no apparent reason. J. W. Tyrrell describes their fighting as like that of rams, and far more protracted than the Norwegian's account suggests; he watched a stronger bull push his battered opponent aside in a savage attempt to disembowel him with his horns; and Hearne's Indians attributed the apparent scarcity of bulls to their being killed in these combats. The oldest female in the young herd once owned by the New York Zoo, though quiet with her keeper, was so vicious toward other muskoxen that her owners feared she would be useless for breeding.

The natives had few uses for the muskox, whose flesh they liked little. Hearne found "dishes, scoops and spoons, made of the buffalo or muskox horns" in the Eskimo camp at the Bloody Falls; Ellis alleged that the Eskimo wore caps made of the skin of the muskox's tail to keep off mosquitoes, which only shows that Ellis had no idea of the brevity of a muskox's tail; and Hearne, in refuting him, says the long hair used for these "musketto wigs" came from the throat and breast where it "hangs down like a horse's

A young Ovibos. The Latin name signifies that the animal is a link between sheep and oxen. N.Y. Zoo.

Muskoxen in characteristic defence formation. **Natl. Mus. of Canada**

mane inverted."*Hearne's Indians, like Warburton Pike's, used muskox hide for moccasins when caribou skins were in bad condition.

In Hearne's day, the Company found muskox hides so unprofitable that they forbade their purchase unless four could be bought for one beaver. The settlement of the American West and the extermination of the buffalo in the 1880's changed all that; then muskox robes became valued as cutter rugs. The Russians, who had no limitless herds of buffalo, needed sleigh robes as much as the Americans, and the extinction of the Alaskan muskoxen may well be due to the old Russian fur trade. The new demand for Canadian muskox hides, created by the buffalo's disappearance, was soon followed by the introduction of effective rifles into the North. Early in this century a robe was worth $50 to the hunter. Summer and winter muskox robes are equally good, says Hanbury, so there was no natural season of respite. None escaped from a band brought to bay, and the skin of an unborn calf was specially prized. The Chipewyans and Dogribs of the Mackenzie Valley pursued them far out on the Barrens; and in the 1890's J. W. Tyrrell saw "muskox robes stacked by the Eskimos like haycocks, along the shore of Chesterfield Inlet, awaiting an opportunity to market them." In the same period whalers were entering the far North and both killing muskoxen themselves and buying robes. So it looked as if the muskox were doomed, till Mr. Henry Ford and the Canadian Government stepped in to save it. The first ended the demand for robes by banishing the horse and cutter from the highways; the second ordained the complete protection of the animal, and made its natural sanctuary in the Thelon Valley into a legal sanctuary as well.

From time to time it is suggested that the muskox would be worth domesticating, for its meat, wool and milk. The best that Hearne would say for muskox meat was that it was sometimes edible; other explorers have declared it pleasant on occasions; but it is liable to reek and to taste intolerably of the musk from which the animal takes his name. The tradesmen and labourers at Churchill in Hearne's day, whose regular diet varied only between salted pork, salted beef and salted goose, "by no means esteemed" fresh muskox; and the choosy modern housewife would hardly welcome what eighteenth century labourers rejected. And what chance of profit is there in raising for beef an animal that breeds only once in two years and matures as slowly as the muskox? Rapid reproduction and quick maturity are the first demands the rancher makes of his stock.

Muskox wool is excellent, and, according to Dr. Stefansson, does not shrink; but it grows under the muskox's top coat of long hair, and there are only two ways of getting it out from under that hair. The first is by combing it off the muskox himself. This was tried in the New York Zoo—once. It was, reports Dr. W. T. Hornaday, "a long and tedious operation and about a month later that particular muskox died of pneumonia." The second way, suggested by Hanbury, would be to collect it from the bushes on which the muskox rubs himself when he moults in late summer; this would be less fatal for the muskox but equally laborious for the wool gatherer. In view, then of the facts that improved breeds of sheep have no hair to get messed up in the wool, that a good Australian shearer can clip over a hundred sheep in an eight-hour day, and that the sheep can survive the operation, how is it supposed that muskox wool could be a commercial success? As for milk, it would be impossible for any wild animal to compete in quantity with domestic animals long bred for high production. On the whole, therefore, muskox farming would seem a pretty safe recipe for bankruptcy.

* See the *Beaver*, June 1946, p. 32; and Hearne "Voyage to the Arctic Ocean," London 1795, p. 137.

Left to right: Rod Ross, Bernt Balchen, Al Cheesman and Fred Stevenson, with one of the two pioneering planes, on arrival at Hudson, Ontario from Churchill, April 16, 1927.

FIRST FREIGHT FLIES NORTH

by Alice MacKay

Photos by H. A. Oaks

In March 1927, the business of flying cargo into the North had its beginnings, when four now-famous airmen rushed equipment to the new seaport at Churchill.

TWENTY years ago, organized air freighting in the North was born. The wonder of it has by now taken on a legendary quality compounded of human deliverance, the courage of men, and the ingenuity with which in this peculiarly Canadian phase of world aviation they harnessed machines to their purpose. The legend, though, has tended to obscure the milestones in an enterprise where the tenure of individual life is at best hazardous. So swift has been the opening of the Canadian Arctic by air, and so unobtrusive and hard-working the men who accomplished it by putting their dreams into enduring action, that there has hardly yet been time to erect the historical sign-posts and so mark the course correctly for posterity.

Without considering at length either the combination of circumstances which brought it about, or the gallant prelude of ventures which provided some of the background, the birth of organized air transport was a long and painful process that began on March 20, 1927, and lasted for nearly a month. It began at Hudson, Ontario, and was completed at Churchill on Hudson Bay.

The principal men concerned were two who fathered the project but for practical reasons were unable to be present at the birth. H. A. Oaks, D.F.C., successively a captain in the Royal Flying Corps, a mining engineer, a pilot in the Ontario forest patrol, and manager of Western Canada Airways, drew the plans and selected the men who went. James A. Richardson, who a few months before had launched Western Canada Airways, provided the money, the vision, and unlimited encouragement for what he called "a little experiment" to open and tap the wealth of the North by air. So far, they had provided air service from Hudson to the Red Lake mining district, and were planning an outpost at The Pas. The immediate challenge was a government department's need to have "one ton of small freight" delivered from Cache Lake, half a mile west of end-of-steel on the Hudson Bay Railway's Mile 321, to what was then the most northerly outpost of civilization, Churchill. In depressing contrast with the usual course of government

contracts, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Oaks had neither rival nor competitor for the first large air-freighting undertaken in Canada.

Two machines, worthy of a place in any aeronautical museum as the forerunners of today's mighty air carriers and the original bearers of strange cabin cargo, carried out the contract. They were the first two of the Western Canada Airways fleet, the flagship and her twin, first of their type to enter Canada: Fokker Universals with 200-horse-power engines and some additional features added at Hudson and Sioux Lookout for adaptation to a habitat that boasted neither landing field nor aerodrome. The flagship was G-CAFU, the second machine G-CAGD. For purposes of the immediate mission in the service of Canada, they were named respectively *City of Winnipeg* and *City of Toronto*.

The men who ventured into an inadequately mapped wilderness were strangers to the north country. None of them had seen Hudson Bay either from the air or on the ground. S. A. Cheesman, J. R. Ross and F. J. Stevenson were veterans of the Ontario Air Service forest patrol, and the fourth, Bernt Balchen, came directly from his job as test pilot for Anthony Fokker's New York company. Mr. Cheesman had had long experience as a mechanic, but had only just achieved his pilot's license. Captain Ross and Captain Stevenson were war veterans who joined the company shortly before the expedition took off. Stevenson, who in this same year became the champion of northern freight flyers, had been crippled in the war while serving with a Manitoba infantry battalion; but afterwards in the Royal Flying Corps he earned a Distinguished Flying Cross and a Croix de Guerre.

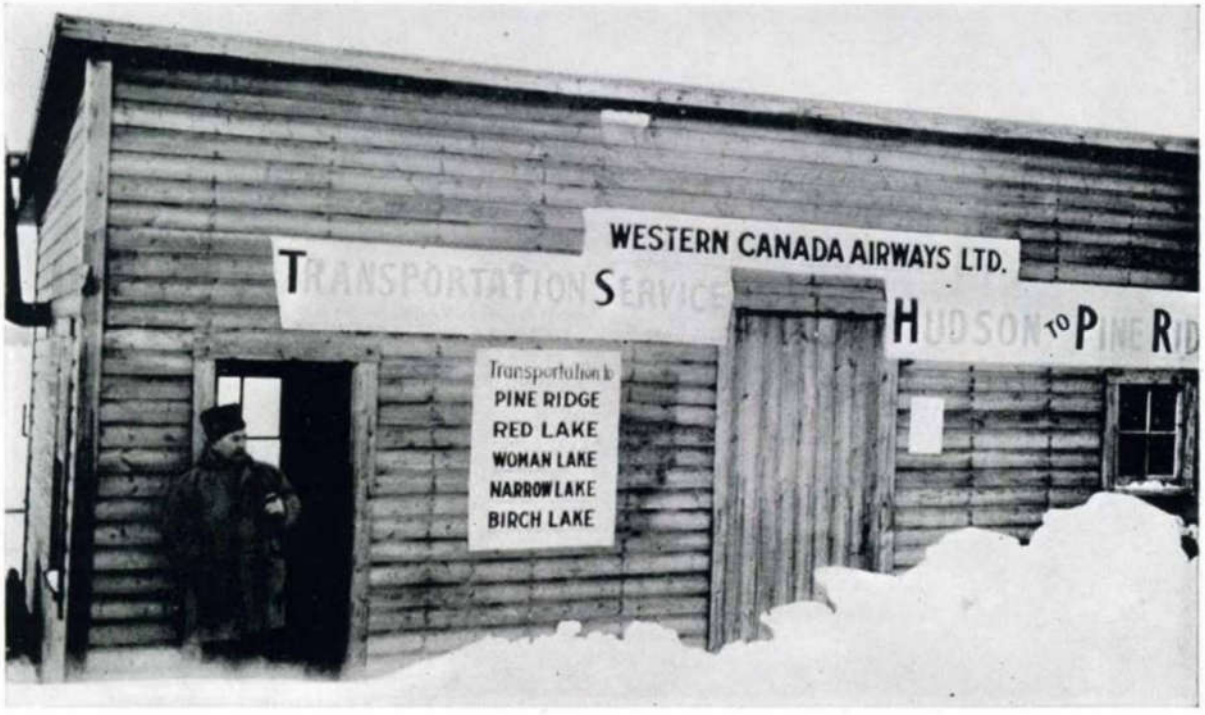
For his work that winter Oaks received the initial award of Canada's McKee Trophy. Stevenson was later awarded, posthumously, the first Canadian bestowal of the Harmon Trophy by the *Ligue Internationale des Aviateurs*. Balchen, destined to brilliant fame both as a Knight of St. Olaf in his native country and for his great American war service, was then a test pilot from Norway seeking experience in Arctic flying. He wanted to stay with Western Canada Airways and become a Canadian pilot, but Ottawa ruled that there was no reciprocal agreement with Norway and citizenship would be a matter of five years.

All that remained in the future. Just now it is nine o'clock in the morning of March 20, 1927, at snowy Hudson on the edge of northwestern Ontario's huge Patricia district. The men have been up most of the night working on the two machines with no more shelter than a single wooden nose-hangar. The canvas wing covers are slipped off and the engines warmed up after an hour's extra coddling of the one without a hangar. Into the cabins go sleeping bags, emergency rations, axes, snowshoes, lanterns, shock absorber cord, a propeller, and an assortment of spare parts which Cheesman hopes will turn out to be what he needs. Farewells are negligible, since the base is almost deserted until Oaks returns from New York with a new machine to maintain the Red Lake schedule.

They take off, Stevenson piloting the *City of Winnipeg* and Balchen the *City of Toronto*, while beside them Ross and Cheesman thumb the maps drawn at Hudson, to guide them to Churchill on Hudson Bay. Other maps reached Hudson from Ottawa ten days after the expedition left. With the government maps came the message: "Trust you are doing everything to rush completion transportation personnel and material to Churchill as trail is now practically out of the question."

Mention of the trail rang a poignant and despairing note. Since early January the federal department of railways and canals had been under the necessity of arranging for a special investigation of Churchill harbour in order to determine the ultimate terminus of

The headquarters at Hudson of the first regular winter flying operations in Canada were anything but ritzy.



The first winter nose hangar and the first machine, "City of Winnipeg," at Hudson. The pilot is H. A. "Doc" Oaks.

the Hudson Bay Railway. More than six million dollars bolstered the Nelson terminus when the arguments for Churchill grew too strong to be ignored. This was the year of decision, and if the drillings could not be made before break-up it meant another postponement in one of the most fiercely debated of Canada's much-discussed railways. Churchill was then not much less remote than it had been in the day of Radisson and Groseilliers. Except for the short period of shipping, it was reached only by hardy northern travellers with dog team or canoe. In this particular emergency someone had the bright idea that it could all be done by air, and general wires were sent out to the number of small companies trying to maintain themselves in the new medium. Time passed, and there were no takers. More time elapsed, and there was a hurried survey of the dog population at The Pas, but the contract called for seventy sled dogs and no one at The Pas would guarantee the job. When the department got around to finding out about snow tractors, the weather threatened to break. Everything then depended on Western Canada Airways.

The little party reached Cache Lake without incident by a roundabout route of nearly seven hundred miles, and after a good night's rest in the railway camp, they surveyed their base. The lake chosen by the Ottawa authorities was too small for a machine to get off with a fair load except with a good wind from the right direction—two variables over which pilots had no control. The original single ton of small freight had swollen to 17,894 pounds. It included twelve government men bound for Churchill and eight tons of assorted equipment—a churn drill, eight hundred pounds of dynamite, a motor that weighed 650 pounds, and an assembly of crates from eighteen to twenty feet long to be loaded into the small cabins. The weather looked something less than favourable, and lacking reports they had no way of judging it.

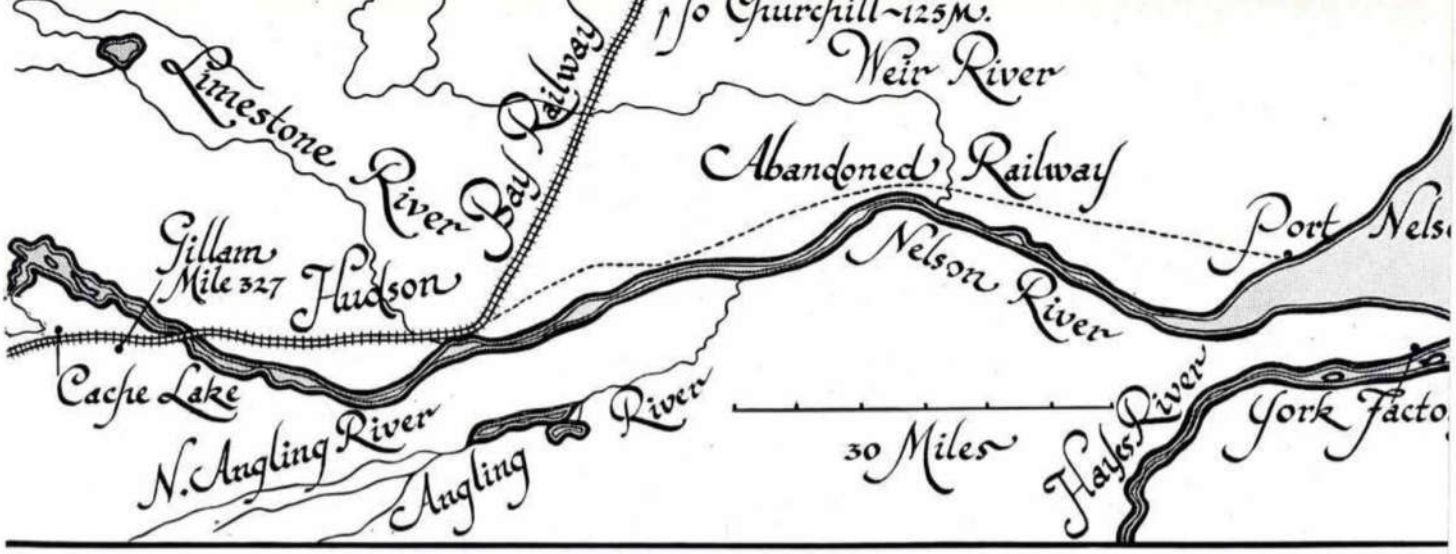
They took off on a reconnaissance flight to Churchill on the morning of March 22, and after 180 miles came down cautiously at Rosabelle Lake, some five miles short of Churchill harbour. Ross stayed there to look for a more convenient landing surface while Balchen and Stevenson went back to Cache Lake. Balchen was at the base in an hour and a half, but his companion failed to turn up. At five o'clock Balchen and Cheesman found him grounded on the Limestone river with a clogged oil pipe. Cheesman settled down to make repairs and the other two hopped back to Cache. After spending the night in a sleeping bag, Cheesman returned FU to the base early next morning. Snow blotted out visibility for the rest of the day, but on Thursday they made Churchill again, and on Friday they commenced using the improvised landing strip indicated by Ross in the mouth of Churchill harbour.

Weather was the most tantalizing factor. Time after time they loaded and took off from Cache only to find they could not get all the way through, and without going up they had no way of knowing. Radio would have made all the difference, but the company had been unable to find radio equipment. This and the size of Cache Lake, hummocky ice in Churchill harbour, and hard, steep snowdrifts elsewhere, were the worst handicaps.

"Steve put his undercarriage out taking off last Sunday," Ross wrote to Oaks. "The day before he had taken off with the same load but there was a fairly good wind. Sunday there was very little. I did not think the load was so great but I assumed the man and his baggage would not be over 200 lbs. It appears that he and his baggage weighed a great deal more."

They were a day getting FU back to the campsite, and Cheesman's diagnosis of the damage indicated the need for expert welding. He and Stevenson got a railway handcar and travelled painfully back along the line for 107 miles in freezing weather to the nearest repair shops. Then the weather closed in.

On the first clear morning (it was April 6) they began making two trips a day. On the 7th they gassed GD from an unlabelled cache at Churchill, learned too late



that the grade was low, and GD remained grounded at Churchill with engine trouble for four days of bad weather. Balchen was unable to get to Cache Lake until dusk on the night of Monday, April 11. His arrival revealed that Stevenson had dropped out of sight when he left Churchill the previous Friday.

Nothing could be done that night, but early next morning Balchen and Cheesman flew for three hours to Churchill, scanning the Limestone river, the Nelson river, the Angling river, the Airhole river, the barren lands and the frozen muskeg for some sign of the missing machine. They missed it. But on the way back, only forty-five miles from the home base, on lonely Niski Lake they saw the *City of Winnipeg*. They landed. There was no sign of Stevenson, but a check of the cabin showed that snowshoes and emergency rations were gone. Within an hour the redoubtable Cheesman had located the trouble in a broken scavenger pipe and he took off in FU for Cache Lake.

Darkness prevented further flying that night, but it was arranged that Luke Clemens—trapper, trader and nephew of Mark Twain—should send a dog team north along the tote road as the most likely route for Stevenson to take. They turned in for some sleep, hoping for the best and aware that time was running out. At five o'clock in the morning—the fifth morning since the mishap—the incredible happened. Stevenson limped into camp at Cache Lake, forty-five air miles from Niski and considerably farther by the rubbed-out trail. He had met an Indian, who guided him out by the North Fishing Lakes.

Stevenson slept, Cheesman laboured over FU, and Balchen took off at 8 a.m. with a 678-pound load for Churchill. On the following day they travelled together. By Sunday, April 17, the job was finished down to the last spare parts for the churn drill engine. They started for Hudson on Monday, but storms and low visibility detained them here and there so that they did not reach the home base until Friday, April 22.

On the entire operation they flew 12,724 miles in little over 184 hours with a total load of 17,894 pounds. For this Western Canada Airways received $15,126.67, less $140 for the flying in search of Stevenson and another $120 paid by a trapper named Harris for the first fur-trade air passage in the north. Altogether it was a minor item in the cost of the barren lands railway which by 1931 had swallowed over $31,000,000.

"Pilots on such operations," said Manager Oaks in a letter to the civil aviation branch, "should for their own protection be able to look after themselves in the bush in any weather. Pilots of this company have formed a Dog Mushers' Society. Qualifications for entrance require that a pilot shall have mushed dogs at least one hundred miles."

Western Canada Airways had provided the key. Almost immediately, prospectors, mining engineers and promoters grasped the significance of the feat. The door opened on a mineral hunting ground of more than two million square miles over which a new race of pilots blazed today's well travelled air routes years before the last spike was driven in the railroad on the shore of Hudson Bay.

The "City of Winnipeg" and the "City of Toronto" return to Hudson after their northern flights. Note the ski pedestals made from bridge timbers after hard landings had demolished original Fokker pedestals. The tall man is T. W. Siers, who more than any other individual was responsible for the conquest of Arctic flying conditions.

Cormorant argument

James Bay

Sandpipers fly in to feed at low tide — Chesterfield Inlet

Water Birds

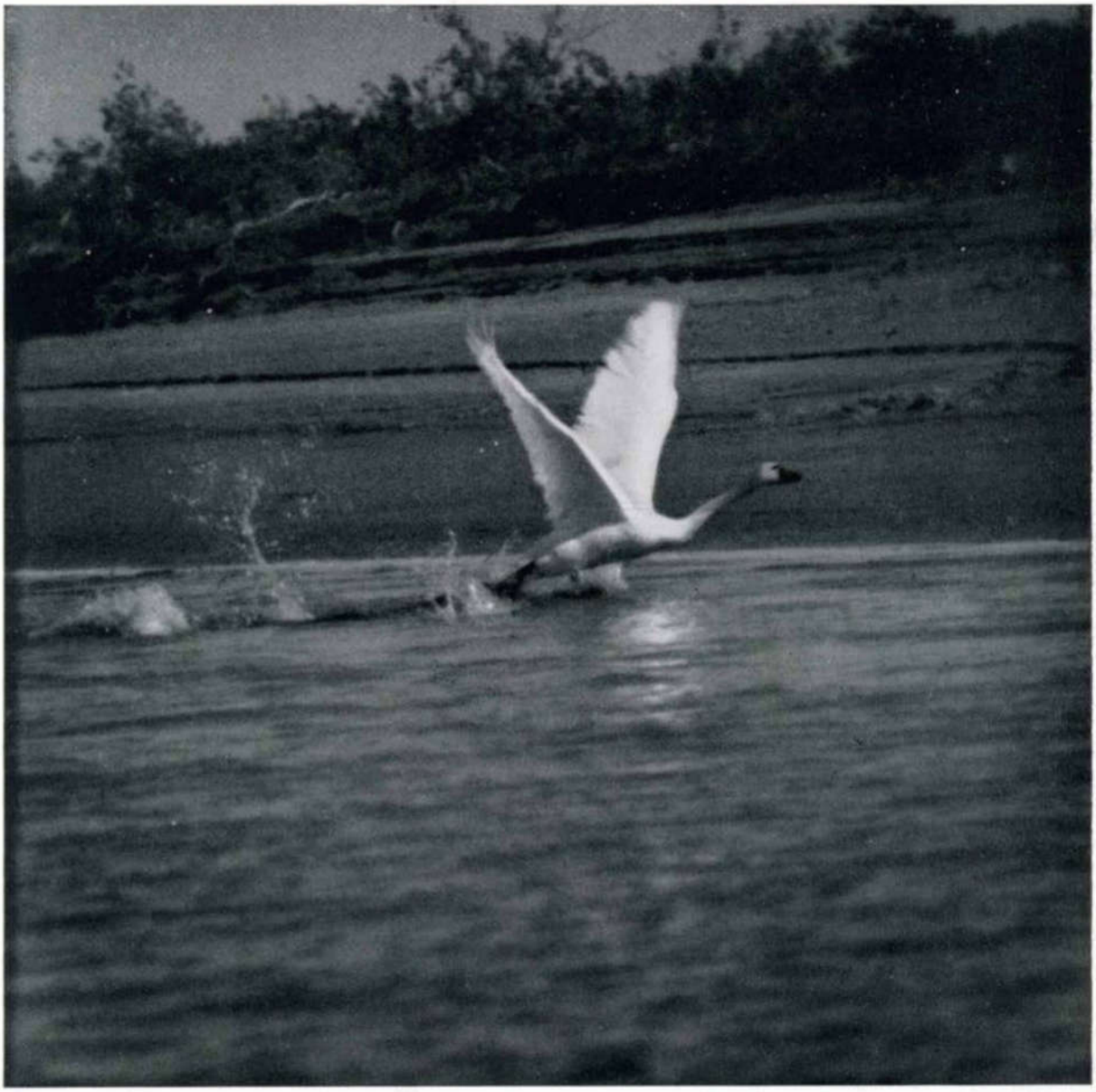
Six Photographs by

Lorene Squire

Sandpipers alighting

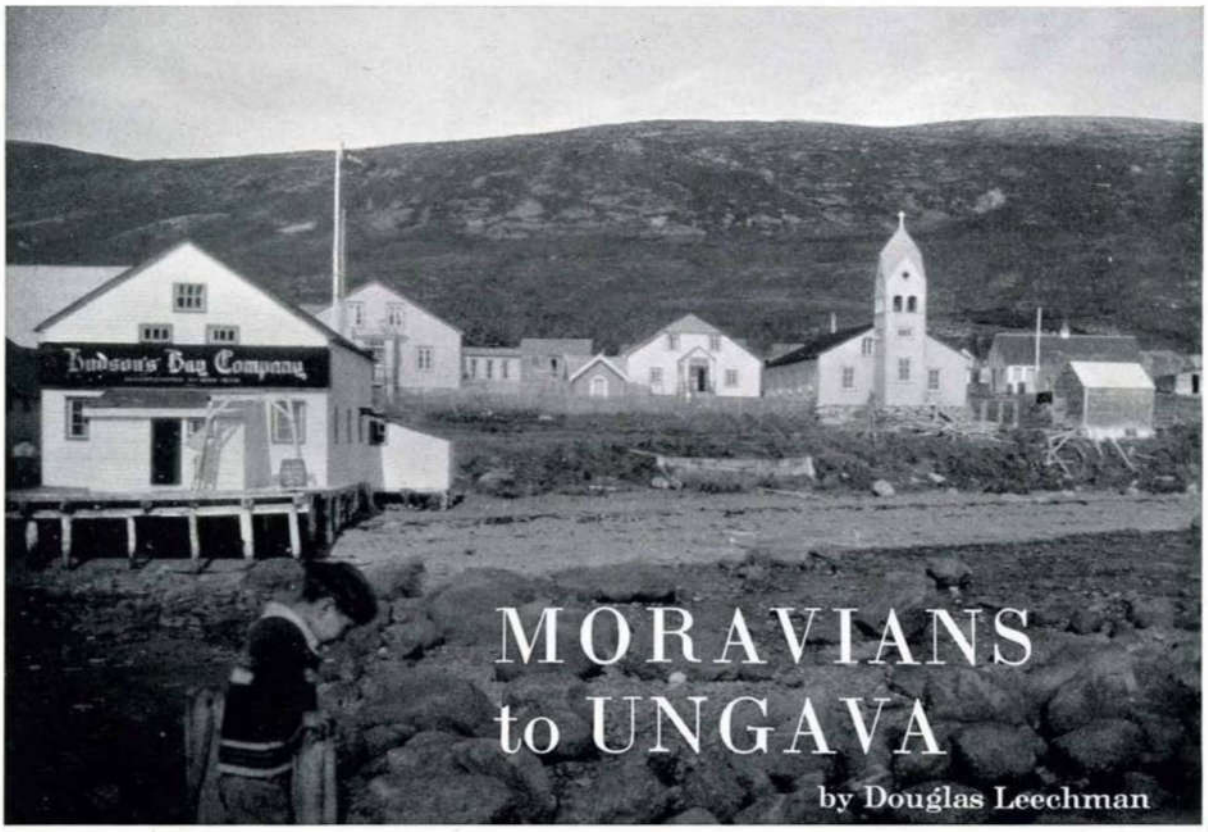
Chesterfield Inlet

Red Phalarope — Chesterfield Inlet



Wild Swan taking off — Richards Island

Whistling Swans in flight — Mackenzie Delta



MORAVIANS to UNGAVA

by Douglas Leechman

The Moravian mission at Nain, first on the Labrador coast, founded in 1771.

As early as 1811 two Moravian missionaries sailed north along the Labrador coast and west to Ungava Bay.

THIS, among other things, is what the *Arctic Pilot* has to say about Grenfell's Tickle: "A very strong tide runs through it during the latter part of the tide. No vessel should attempt to go through this strait without the aid of a local pilot. The passage is eight or ten miles long and runs all the way between steep hills and bare rock. There is a rock about three quarters of the way eastward on on which a vessel would be liable to touch. . . . "

That's hint enough for any prudent mariner, and the master of no steamer afloat would turn her bows into those narrow waters. And yet, years ago, in 1811, two Moravian missionaries passed through twice—unscathed and unalarmed.

Kohlmeister and Kmoch were their names. Few people have heard of them or of their adventurous voyage; fewer still have read the account of it published in a little booklet in London three years later, long out of print and now difficult to find.

The Labrador coast had been tolerably well known to seamen since 1501, and the natives living there had good reason to know the white man and his manners and customs, for in that year Gasparo Cortereale kidnapped fifty-seven Eskimos to sell as slaves. We get but poor satisfaction from the knowledge that this infamous act brought him no profit, for he, his ship, and all on board perished and were never heard of again.

After that, over three hundred years elapsed before the tickle's very existence became known to any but the Eskimos who lived in its vicinity. Probably the masters of stray whaling ships had been told that there was a way through here that would bring them "westward of Cape Chudleigh," but none would venture the passage through such a narrow gut where fierce winds race down from the mountains looming high on each side, and where a ship has no sea-room to tack in, where uncharted rocks and shoals threaten her life every minute, and where whirlpools form with incredible suddenness in what was, but a minute before, dead smooth water.

The Moravian Brethren, the order to which our two heroes belonged, was founded in 1457 or '58. We know but little of the early history of the order, but in 1722-27 a re-organization was undertaken and the freshly invigorated society began to send out missions to the heathen. In 1752 they attempted to found a mission near where Hopedale now is but, soon after they landed, they were attacked by the Eskimos, one missionary and five sailors were killed, and the venture was abandoned.

In 1771, with the encouragement of the government in England, they tried again and opened a station at Nain, and another at Okak in 1776; Hopedale was attempted successfully once more in 1782, and Hebron in 1830.

It was soon discovered that, by ill luck, the three earliest missions had been built on a stretch of coast which was but thinly inhabited and, on a number of occasions, Eskimos from the other side of the Labrador peninsula would visit the brethren, telling them of many other natives living to the westward and to the north, and urging them to come and see for themselves so that they might be induced to open missions there too. So often, we are told, did this happen "that it became a subject of serious consideration, by what means a more correct idea of the extent and dewelling-places of the Esquimaux nation might be obtained."

Benjamin Kohlmeister had lived on the Labrador coast as a missionary for seventeen years. He was a complete master of the language and had already translated the Gospel of St. John into Eskimo. In 1809 he crossed the Atlantic to attend a meeting of the Synodal Committee, and here he brought up the subject of his undertaking—a voyage of exploration to inquire into the matter.

Permission obtained, he returned to Hopedale on July 22, 1810, with his plans all clear in his mind, and already resolved to engage "a steady, intelligent Christian Esquimaux, possessing a shallop with two masts."

He knew just the man he wanted, too. The very day on which he landed, immediately after the inevitable "mug-up," he tackled "the Esquimaux Jonathan of Hopedale and laid before him the whole plan, with all its difficulties and advantages, and found him immediately willing to undertake the voyage." This was quite a relief to Kohlmeister, for he knew that it meant a considerable sacrifice to Jonathan and had been quite prepared for him to refuse to risk his "shallop with two masts" in little known and dangerous places.

Jonathan was a man of considerable importance in Hopedale and this new plan meant a removal to Okak, roughly two hundred miles further north, where he was unknown and would lose his pre-eminence among his own people. Moreover, he might well have to winter in Ungava Bay if the voyage proved too long or too difficult to accomplish in one summer.

Kohlmeister determined to take one white companion along with him. He himself was able to use a quadrant and make a running survey of his course, but he needed an assistant, and hit upon Brother George Kmoch, who "joined to other essential qualifications, great cheerfulness and intrepidity." Brother Kohlmeister had evidently learned what characteristics are desirable in a travelling companion, probably by hard-won experience.

They moved the shallop to Okak and spent the next winter getting everything in shape for the great adventure. They loaded her with all their provisions and baggage, not forgetting "half cwt. of tobacco, two eighteen-gallon barrels of ale, and a few bottles of brandy," which, he adds, was "all consumed."

Jonathan's boat was 45 feet long, 12 in the beam, and 5 feet deep, with two masts. He had bought her at Chateau Bay, seven hundred miles or so down the Labrador coast, and now they "furnished her with a complete deck, and divided her into three parts. The centre was our own cabin, into which all our baggage was stowed; the two other divisions were occupied by the Esquimaux. A small boat, brought from Lewis, was taken in tow."

The spring break-up came on June 16 that year (1811) but it was the 23rd before they actually got away, at two in the afternoon. There was a sorrowful meeting in the chapel before they left, all their Eskimo friends being in tears and firmly convinced that the whole crew would perish up near Cape "Chudleigh." There were disturbing reports, too, of the "hostile disposition of the Esquimaux in Ungava Bay; and it was boldly asserted, that if we even got there alive, we should never return." Actually, there were rumours of cannibalism, too, but apparently Brother Kohlmeister had never heard about them, or decided he had better not mention it.

In addition to the white missionaries, there were four Eskimo families on board the shallop, a total of fourteen natives. They were also attended on the

The map accompanying the contemporary account of the Moravians' voyage, published in 1814.

voyage by an oomiak, a women's skin boat, in which were three more natives, making nineteen people in all. The skin boat, as well as the small boat they were towing, was to be used for landings, for they never brought the shallop close in to shore.

The expedition set out, passing familiar islands and landmarks, as shown on Kohlmeister's detailed map in the back of the little book. Soon they came to Nungorome, where they found a number of Eskimos belonging to their congregation, who were netting seals. Among them, alas, was Solomon, who had once been a communicant but who had now fallen from grace, for he "could not resist the temptation of going to the north to feast with the heathen Esquimaux whenever they had caught a live or found a dead whale. On such occasions he was seduced to commit many irregularities and sins" and, of course, was eventually excommunicated, a sentence of which he perceived the justice. Unfortunately he consoled himself by taking a second wife, though his first was still living with him—a course of action which did not help matters much.

Once on their way again, "our people caught three seals, and made a hearty meal, hunger, on this occasion, overcoming our dislike to seal's flesh. A sallad of scurvy grass was made for supper."

Now the wind began to get up and an accident, of a kind all too familiar in the north, occurred. The line by which they were towing the oomiak "suddenly snapped, and set her adrift. She was frequently hid from our view by the height of the waves, but we were in no apprehension about her, as these kind of boats are much safer in a high sea than a European one."

There were constant incidents and interesting adventures, far too many to relate here. They saw the winter type of stone houses, containing each two or three families, at Saeglek. There was the long delay of thirteen days at Nullatartok Bay waiting for the ice to clear and let them proceed; the meals of seal meat, black and strong-smelling; the innumerable and incredible mosquitoes and the smudges; the sudden gust of wind which carried away the after-topmast and all the tackle. The North hasn't changed much!

Drift ice detained them again at the mouth of Nachvak Fiord, and here they saw men spearing fish through the ice, using blocks of snow as reflectors to throw a light down into the water so they could see their prey.

Still farther north to Amitok, where they found houses built by the Greenland people, according to Kohlmeister, and here, shortly after, "suddenly the boat struck with great violence upon a sunken rock. The shock was so great, that all on board were thrown down, and everything tumbled about."

No serious damage was done, and once again they steered to the north along the broken coast line. Past bays and islands, avoiding ice pack and shoals, they came at last to Grenfell's Tickle, or in today's official nomenclature McLelan Strait, that dangerous goal to which their minds had been turning all this time.

Here they found a native, Uttakiyok, waiting for them with his two wives and his youngest brother. He had been one of the most insistent in urging the missionaries to visit his part of the country, and here he had been waiting for them all spring, at considerable inconvenience to himself, so that he might guide them through the tickle if they should come. Whether they actually were coming that spring or not he had not known, but here he had waited nevertheless. They were so grateful to him for his thoughtfulness that the little matter of having two wives was overlooked.

Uttakiyok was a man much respected among his fellows, and his good influence had much to do with the success of the expedition. He had spent some of the tedious days of waiting in building high cairns on the nearby hilltops so that they should not miss his camp, cairns that are undoubtedly still there as a memento to his good will and good works. Other days he had spent in sealing, and he had such an abundance of seal oil that he had to store the surplus in hollows in the rocks surrounding his tent.

Now the travellers had to wait. There wasn't much to do except go hunting between rain storms, and they caught some "Pitsiolaks (awks) and a brace of young puffins, which, with the addition of some salt meat, made excellent broth."

Still the ice held them from attempting the Ikerasak (Grenfell's Tickle). They tried it once, and had to turn back and, on the 1st of August, with summer already on the wane, they fought all day long, hours on end, fending off floating ice which threatened to stave in the shallop, as the pans came racing out of the narrows.

Back in their tents once more, they discovered that they had burned all the available firewood, as well as all that the natives could sell them. So, caring nothing for future museums and archaeologists, "we robbed some old Esquimaux graves of the wooden utensils, which it is the superstitious practice of the heathen to lay beside the corpses of their owners, with old tent poles &c, and thus obtained fuel sufficient for our cookery."

The next day, August 2nd, 1811, dawned fair. "A gentle but favourable wind, and occasional rowing, brought us, about nine in the morning, to the entrance of the much dreaded Ikerasak. The weather was pleasant and warm, not a flake of ice was to be seen, and all our fear and anxiety had subsided.

"We were taught to expect much danger in passing certain eddies or whirlpools in the narrow parts of the straits, and were therefore continually on the look-out for them. When we passed the first narrow channel at 12 p.m., it being low water, no whirlpool was perceptible. Having sailed on for little more than half an hour, with wind and tide in our favour, we reached the second. Here, indeed, we discovered a whirlpool, but of no great magnitude at this state of the tide. Near the north shore the water was, indeed, whirled round in the manner of a boiling cauldron of ten or twelve feet diameter, with considerable noise and much foam; but we passed without the slightest inconvenience within thirty of forty feet of the outer circle. Our skin-boat, however, which we had in tow, with a man in it, was seized by the vortex, and received a rapid twist; but as the towing rope did not break, she was immediately rescued from danger by the swiftness of our course, and the affair afforded us more diversion than anxiety."

Then, almost before they realized it, they were through the fearful tickle, "westward from Cape Chudleigh," without incident or danger. When they entered the ocean on the other side, "it seemed as if we were transported to a new world." The high and beetling cliffs of the Atlantic coast line gave way to low, flat hills, the sea was filled with small islands,

abounding in sea fowl, and the water, compared to the turbulent Atlantic, seemed calm and peaceful.

Here they found a little village at the westward end of the straits, but did not stop there. Further on they met old friends who had visited their missions on trading voyages, and many others, some of whom had never seen a European before. Far to the west they saw Akpatok Island, and the Eskimos told them of other lands to the north where many people lived, almost certainly the south coast of Baffin Island.

Soon they passed a cave, high on the side of the Torngaets, famous locally as the dwelling-place of an evil spirit. They thought they could have reached it if they had had the time to spare and wondered if the intrepid Uttakiyok would have had the courage to come with them, for he was a cautious man, though brave enough, and always took care to hang a raven's claw on his breast when passing dangerous places, and an inflated seal paunch swung ever from a tent pole lashed to one side of his boat.

South and a little west along the coast, the Eskimos began to grow a little uneasy because they were approaching the land of the Indians whom they feared because they "are a more nimble and active race." Now they reached the mouth of George River, and fixed upon a green slope or terrace as a suitable spot for a mission. The day before their departure they prepared a board in which they had cut an inscription commemorating their visit, and they "raised and fixed this tablet with some solemnity, in the presence of Uttakiyok and his family, and of our own company, and hoisted the British flag alongside of it, in the name of our king, George III, in testimony of our having explored it. We then proclaimed the name of the Kangertluallulsoak to be henceforth *George River*, upon which every man fired his piece three times, the vollies being answered from the boat."

After such doings, of course, there had to be a mug-up, and so "we distributed some pease, bread, and beer among the Esquimaux, which enabled them to make a splendid feast, and the day was spent in the most agreeable manner."

In spite of the lateness of the season, they resolved to push even further south as long as the weather held. They found the bones of great whales on the beach at Arvarvik where the Eskimo had driven them at high water to leave them stranded and vulnerable when the tide went out; they passed through "myriads of musquitoes"; they anchored in a tangle of rocks which were awash at low tide and so lost their little boat; and a violent thunderstorm added variety to their days.

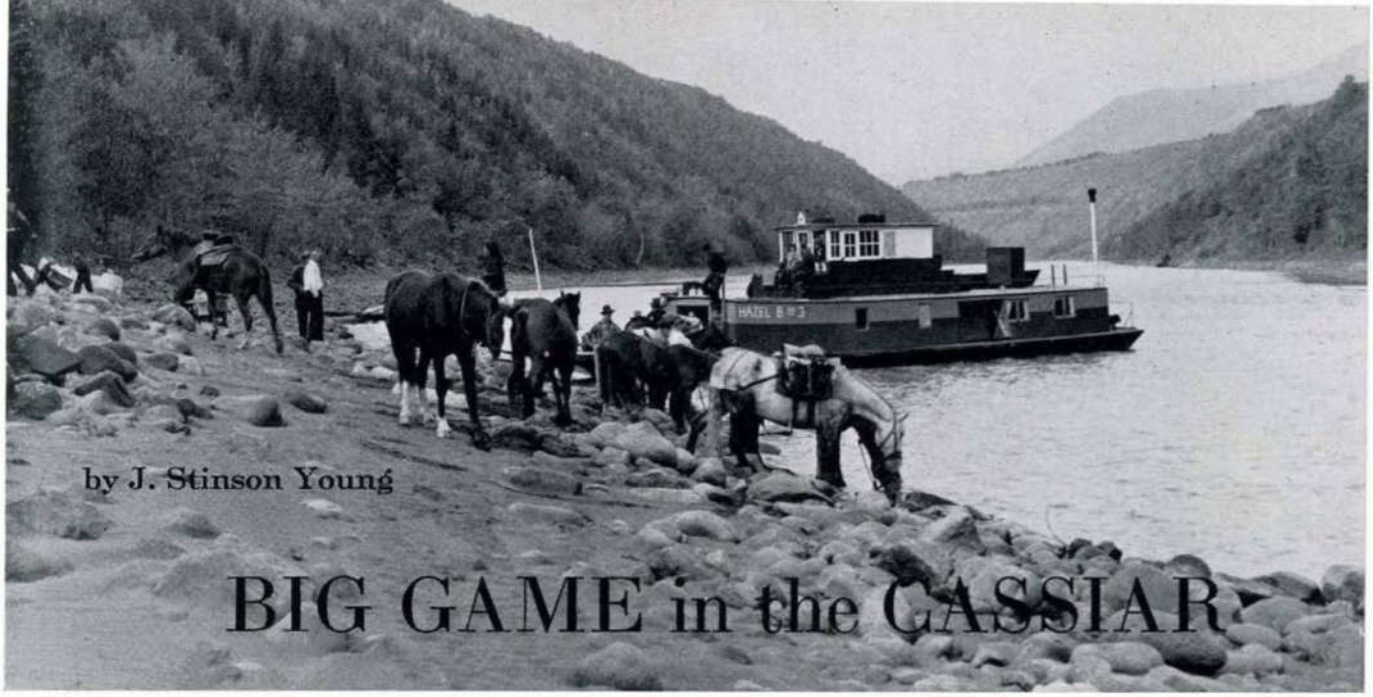
It was the 25th of August before they entered the mouth of the Koksoak, and the first of September before they could leave it again. Once more they took formal possession of the land after picking out a suitable site for the proposed mission. Brother Kmoch tried a meal of white whale *muktuk* and "he reported, that having once overcome his aversion to it, its taste was sweet, like the kernel of a nut, but it heated his stomach like a hot posset."

Now it was time to return as fast as they could, or they would have to spend the winter there, short of provisions and suitable clothing. Farewells had to be said to many new friends, including the invaluable Uttakiyok, who had guided them so skilfully and who urged them so strongly to return to him and his people. They gave him the oomiak and "he was very highly gratified, and thankful for this species of remuneration."

Then back through the perilous Ikerasak, once more by incredible good fortune without incident of any kind. Wind and weather seemed to favour them in every way and they reached their home port without loss, sickness, or accident on October 4, having covered from twelve to thirteen hundred miles and been away one hundred and three days.

In spite of their venturesome voyage, the dangers and hardships they encountered—and these were neither few nor imaginary—it was 1906 before the mission they had planned with such zeal was actually founded, and even then neither of the two sites they had selected and taken possession of was used. Instead Killinek was selected, across the harbour from Port Burwell.

The Hopedale Mission, attempted unsuccessfully in 1752, and successfully in 1782.



by J. Stinson Young

BIG GAME in the CASSIAR

Unloading from the "Hazel B." at Telegraph Creek.

JOHN QUOG lowered his glasses and pointed with a stubby finger. "Up there about two mile little bunch caribou layin' down," he said. "Looks like mebbe two big bulls."

We mounted our horses and rode in the general direction he had indicated. A light snow was falling and patches of fog were drifting across the barren plateau. It was late October and winter was closing down from the north. The Arctic Circle was just beyond the white peaks on the distant horizon; and we were ten thousand feet above sea level.

We still had half a mile to go when the two bulls raised themselves leisurely to their feet and began to feed. One by one the cows and calves and younger bulls followed suit. There were about twenty in the band. We pulled up for a moment and I looked the bulls over carefully with the glasses. One had a very nice head with beautifully symmetrical basket-shaped antlers. As I watched, a wandering cloud bank intervened and the band disappeared wraith-like in the grey fog. We spurred our horses into a lope, and when the cloud parted we were within long-rifle range of the band, still unnoticed.

I dropped off my horse, seated myself comfortably on a little knoll, dug in my heels, and silhouetted the post of my scope-sighted 300 magnum just back of the withers where the white of the shoulders merges into the brown of the body. As I fired, the bull dropped.

I rose to my feet and turned to speak to John, still in his saddle. There was a broad grin on his face. He was looking towards the northern rim of the plateau. "See what comes," he exclaimed.

There was an unforgettable picture!

From the east and the west and the north, in a perfect crescent, of which we were the centre, caribou, thousands of them, were in sight, singly, in little bands, and in herds. There were caribou everywhere—and my license was already filled! The fall migration of the caribou south from the Arctic Barren Grounds was upon us. I was privileged to witness a phenomenon of nature comparable in the western world only to the buffalo migrations of a century ago.

I stepped the distance to the fallen bull: a little over five hundred paces—over four hundred yards—not a bad shot with that visibility! As we skinned out the head of the bull in the gathering darkness, and the clouds closed in around us, we would hear nearby the clicking hooves of the caribou we could not see.

I had met Dr. Andreas Laszlo at the spring encampment of the Campfire Club, and within the hour we had discussed and definitely decided upon a big game hunt in British Columbia the coming fall.

It fell to my lot to make the preliminary arrangements. In thinking of Canada and British Columbia,

John Quog and the author's basket caribou.

one thinks next of the Hudson's Bay Company. It was through the Company office in New York that I was put in touch with W. A. Hunter, manager of the post at Telegraph Creek, British Columbia. From then on, everything was made easy for us.

I begrudge the limitations that prohibit me from recounting the pleasures of the voyage through the Inland Passage on the *Princess Louise*. I begrudge even more my inability to describe the incomparable scenery of the Stikine River; and the enjoyment of two days aboard the river boat, *Hazel B*, Captain Al Richie; and the beautiful young half-breed cook, Betty. It was Betty who invited us to her father's home the evening we arrived at Telegraph Creek; where we danced until daylight to the music of a harmonica, the game warden's guitar, and an ancient gramophone. One only finds such hospitality in the lonesome outposts of the North.

The next morning Hunter turned us over to the four Indians who were to care for us for the next month. It was midday when we sat in our saddles and, from the hills across the Stikine, looked back down on the little village dominated by the white buildings of the Company.

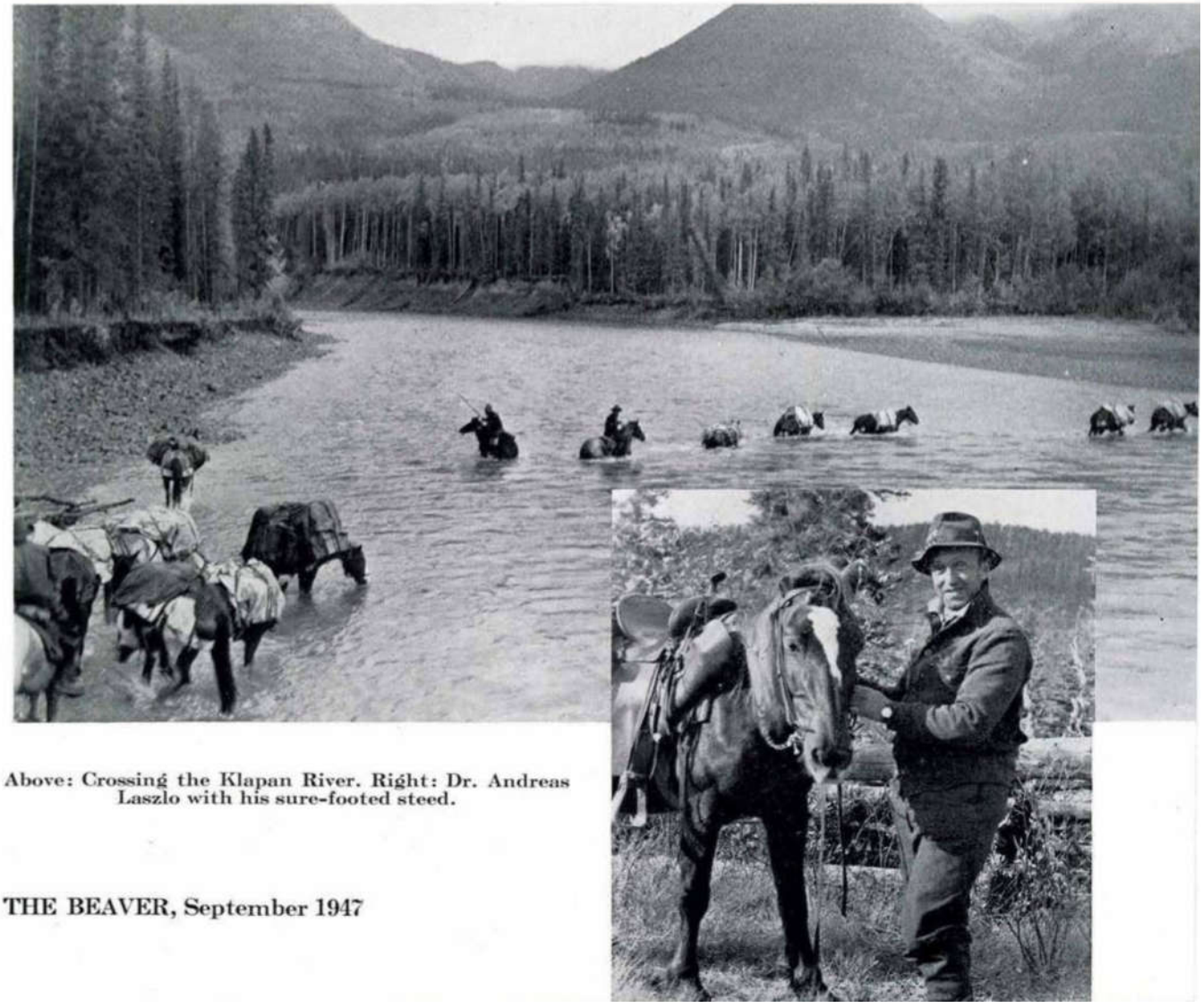
Then followed ten days on the trail, across the upper reaches of the Stikine, through rolling, heavily timbered foothills; through long stretches of burned country where our horses clambered over logs like cats; and fought their way among windfalls of dead and prostrate trees. We crossed the Klapan, and the lowering timber line showed we were steadily gaining altitude. The mountains closed in. Occasionally we saw a black bear. Goats were almost always in sight on the higher peaks.

John Quog, my guide, was a tall, elderly Tahltan Indian. His attributes as a guide were unquestionable. In addition, he was a gentleman, and a very pleasant companion. Andy, the doctor's guide, was younger and less experienced, but thoroughly capable.

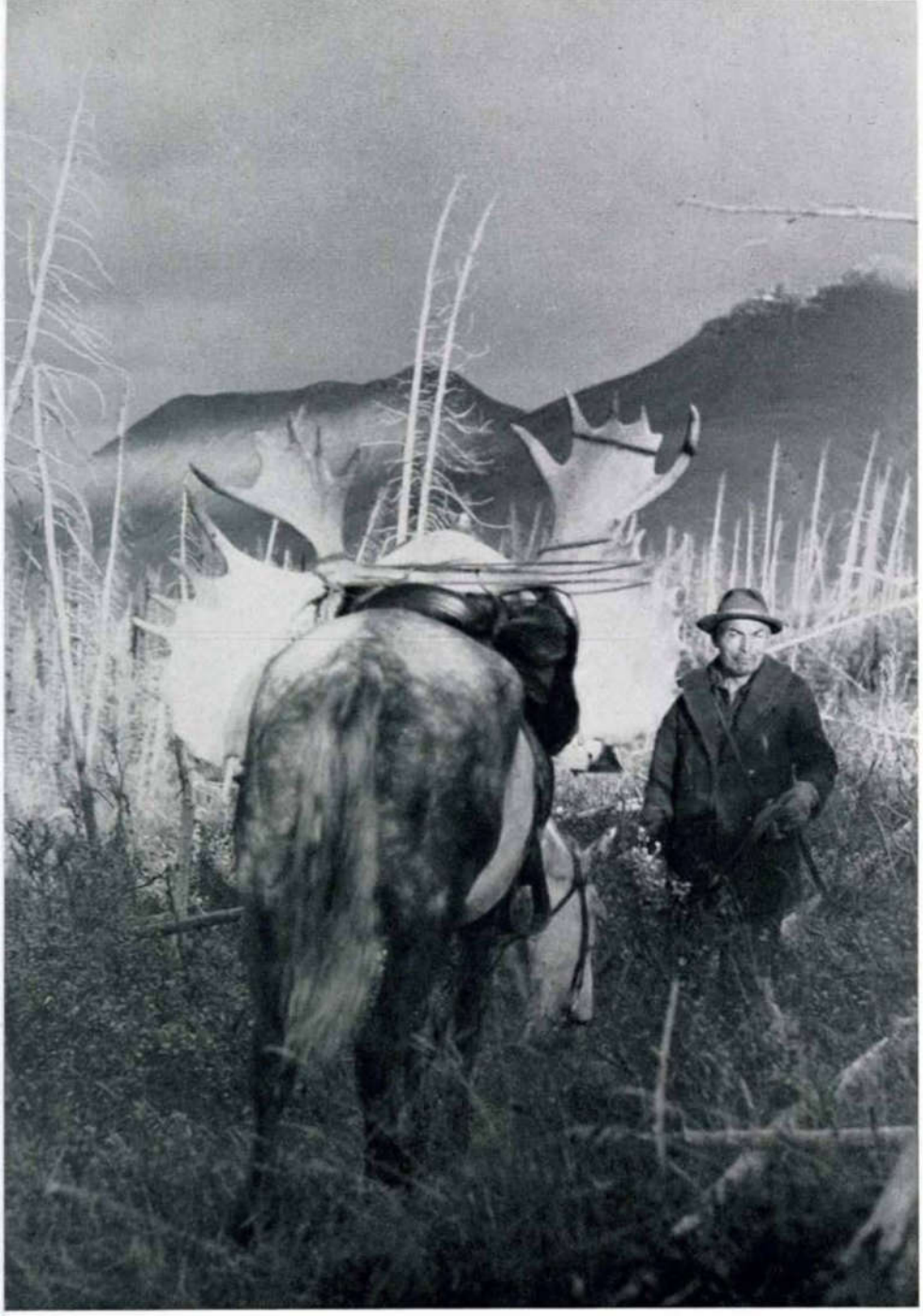
As we pitched camp the tenth day out, we could see perhaps a hundred goats on the precipitous mountainside above us, and there was game sign everywhere. We decided to stop here for a day or so.

The next evening Andreas rode into camp with the skin of a nice honey-coloured female grizzly tied behind his saddle; and reported having seen several rams. I, myself, had had an easy day which netted me a nine-inch goat, killed within sight of camp.

Shortly after noon the next day, John and I were seated on a ledge above a crater-like canyon. We were watching two rams on the far wall, almost out of range of our glasses. While we were debating as to whether they were worth going after or not, John rose stiffly to ease his cramped legs. He glanced over the ledge and ducked back. Three large rams had come up out of the lower reaches of the canyon, and were feeding along a game trail on the steep slope below us not three hundred yards away. The three were so nearly



Above: Crossing the Klapan River. Right: Dr. Andreas Laszlo with his sure-footed steed.



Left: Bringing home the bull moose's head at sundown. Below: The author ready for a day's hunting.

identical that, even by the closest scrutiny through the glasses, it was impossible to tell which was the best.

I studied them ten minutes or so and then picked the furthest one, as he seemed to have the widest spread. His horns proved to be perfectly symmetrical, without a blemish, measuring forty-one and forty and one half inches—not the massive horns of the Bighorns but the more slender, graceful horns of the Dall. The head and shoulders were sky blue in colour, the body a rusty greyish blue. He was not a top record, but would be well up on the list of record heads. It would have been easy to have shot one of the others, but we were three miles away from our horses, over the roughest country; and a long way from camp.

The next morning the sun was well up before we crawled out of our sleeping bags. The night before, our horses had brought us into camp about midnight, after a very mean three hours coming down a precipitous mountain side, through alders and fallen timber. It was strictly due to the instinct of our ponies that we slept in our beds that night. We couldn't even see our saddle horns from the time darkness hit us till we saw the lights of camp. I was pretty well scratched up and thoroughly sore and stiff as I sat on a log by the cook tent next morning in the warm sunlight, and searched the far side of the wide valley with the glasses. The rutting season was at its height, and I could occasionally hear the distant challenging call of a bull moose. In a little burn not two miles away were several cows and calves; and I caught the white flash of antlers.

For the first time on the trail, I found my saddle a little sore and tender this morning, and John Quog was none too agile as he crawled stiffly on to his own pony. We rode slowly across the valley towards the cows and calves. While we were still a mile away, they slipped into an aspen thicket and disappeared. In a windfall we saw a large bull with wide-spread, flat, irregular antlers within easy rifle range—not what we wanted.

As we rode leisurely up the valley slope, John, who was riding ahead, pulled up his horse suddenly. On the far side of a strip of timber, not two hundred yards away, a bull stood motionless, broadside, in an open glade.

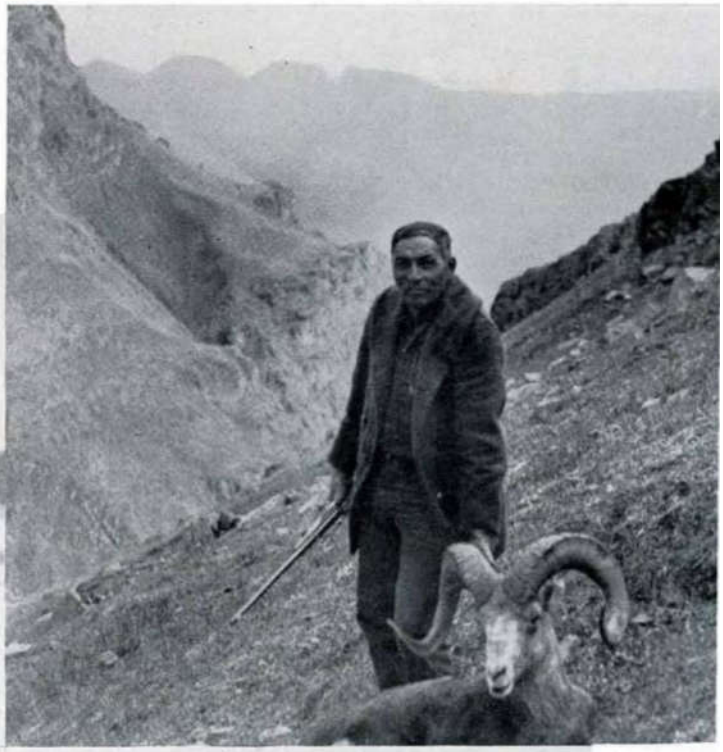
It is hard, with such a perspective, to judge size, but he looked very large and his antlers were well proportioned. To get a passably clear view, I had to lie flat on the ground. At my carefully placed shot, he turned completely around and stopped. I fired again and he went down. My two 220-grain soft points had passed through his heart from either side at a paced distance of two hundred yards. My second shot had been unnecessary, but in shooting through brush, I could take no chances. He was a big animal, larger than either of our good sized saddle horses; but his antlers, though nicely balanced, measured only fifty-four inches—about an average head for that locality. A beautiful trophy, however.

That evening we were back in camp early to find Andreas already there with a good caribou head and several hundred feet of caribou film.

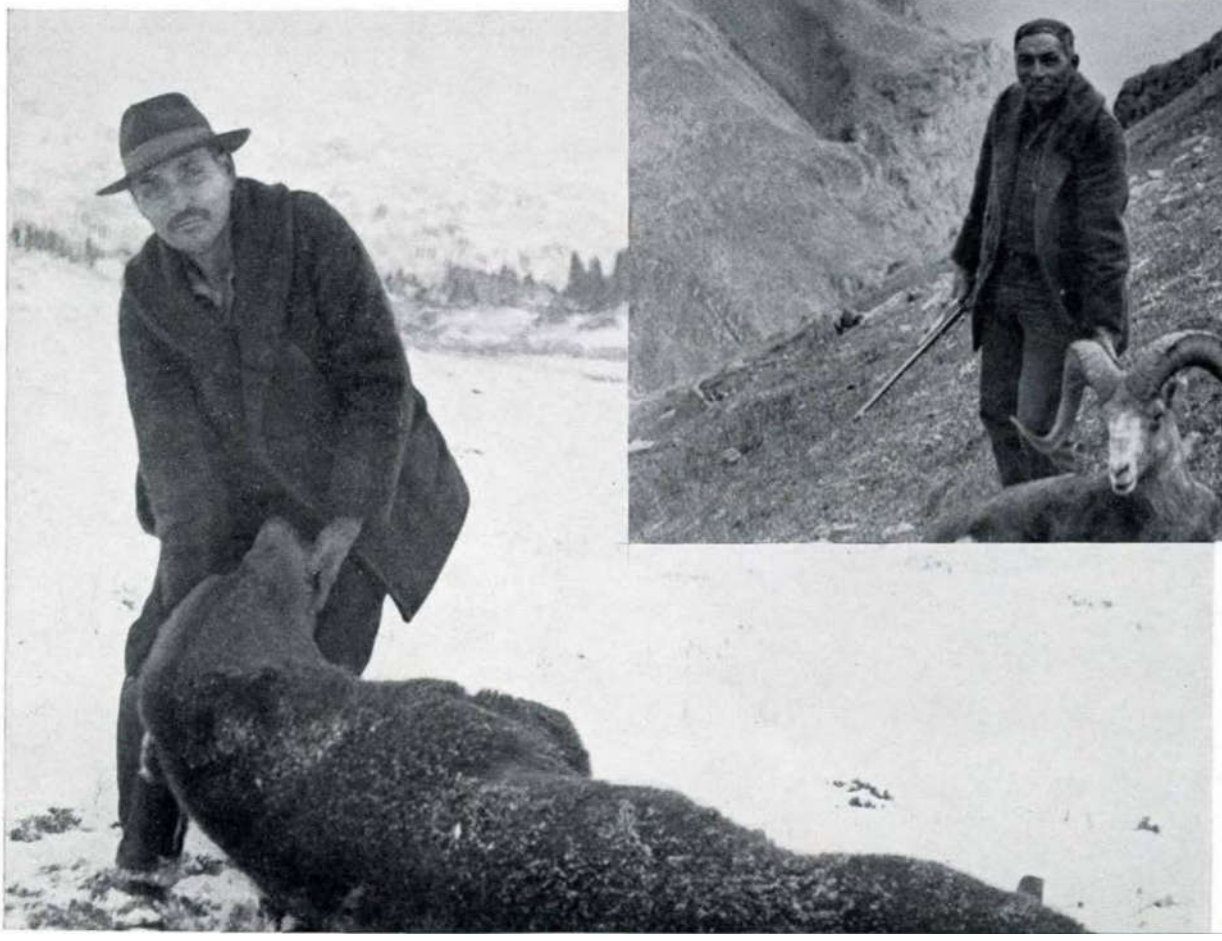
The next morning wet snow was falling, but we broke camp anyway. John and I hit the trail immediately after breakfast, the pack train following more slowly. At noon we located a camp site in a little spruce thicket just below timber line, at the foot of a high narrow pass between two barren peaks. The pack train was still far below us, three hours away.

Fortified by tea boiled over a little Indian fire, we rode out into a high open valley dotted with alder thicket and clumps of scrubby spruce, occasionally flushing little bunches of ptarmigan in their brown and white early winter plumage. Both of us noticed at the same time a black object a mile or so ahead of us, conspicuous against the snow-covered ground. Through the glasses it proved to be a fair sized grizzly digging for marmots in a little clearing.

It was an easy stalk, though the frequent snow flurries made visibility none too good. I crawled up within a hundred and twenty-five yards. The wind was blowing directly towards me, and I was completely hidden behind a little spruce; but, goaded by some intuition, the bear was plainly uneasy. Suddenly, he tensed, ready to run, but dubious as to direction. I placed a bullet directly behind the point of his shoulder. He reared up on his hind legs with a loud bawl, and I placed another 220-grain soft point in the center of his chest, which was plenty. John lit a cigarette and I filled my pipe before we approached the motionless animal. There was no need for caution. He was thoroughly dead: a nice, mahogany coloured grizzly in good fur, seven feet from tip to tip, about as big as these barren ground grizzlies ever get.



John Quog with Mr. Young's grizzly and 41-inch Stone ram.



I began skinning out the bear, and John went after our horses. In a few minutes he was back at a trot. He had seen several rams not a mile away. They were following a game trail at the edge of the pass on the far side of a little cloud-filled canyon. Within twenty minutes I was as close as the terrain would allow.

It was extremely difficult to estimate the range from my hiding place behind a boulder, but I held just above the withers of the largest of the four rams. The head and neck of this ram were almost white; the body a light blue; the thirty-eight and one half inch horns were definitely of the Dall type. We were evidently in the transition area between the Dall and Big Horn varieties. Though the colour of the sheep in this locality is quite variable, they are probably classified as *ovis stonei*.

The next day I shot a forty-eight inch caribou within an hour of camp, while Andreas killed his second caribou bull, and reported that the weather was becoming too stormy for motion picture photography. The day following, I got my second goat by simply meeting him head-on as he was coming down a razor-edged hog back. His eleven inch horns would entitle him to entry in the official records.

The evening of the last day's hunt of the season found John Quog and me on the edge of a plateau above a wide and deep valley. On the far side of the valley, at the foot of a snow-covered mountain, the lights of our camp shone through the spruce trees. At our backs, the plateau was dotted with scattered bands of caribou. A wolf howled far to our left and was answered from across the valley. Another took up the melody; then another in the far distance. To me, there is no sound in all nature as dramatically impressive as the exultant howl of a hunting wolf.

As we rode into camp, Johnny Taku, our Thlinket Indian cook, met us in front of the big cook tent. With a wide grin he held up a dark pelt longer than himself; a beautiful silver black wolf skin. An hour before our arrival, three wolves had come up within seventy-five yards of camp. Johnny had picked up a .22 rifle and shot one of them through the neck.

In retrospect, this hunting trip appears almost casual. Everything was so perfectly planned by the Company that there was not the slightest misadventure. Our camp outfit was new and luxurious, possibly even more so than was justified. My companion got all the trophies he wished, in addition to several thousand feet of coloured film. In ten days' actual hunting time, I filled my license: two goats, two sheep, one moose, two caribou, and one grizzly bear. In all, I fired ten shots, twice each at the moose and grizzly, though both extra shots were unnecessary. Every animal killed was standing motionless, which speaks a lot for the ability of John Quog as a guide. However, I must acknowledge that we had more than our share of good fortune. Part of our luck was due to my care in passing up any shot that appeared to be the least bit doubtful.

Though I had a 30.06 with me, I used a 300 H. and H. scope sighter magnum exclusively: 180 gr. open points at long range, and 220 grs. on the moose and grizzly; and my sights were constantly checked for extreme accuracy. By former experience, and the experience of this trip, I am convinced that one should use the heaviest rifle he is capable of handling. To have used a light, high velocity riffle, under the conditions I encountered, would have been asinine. The man who is not capable of carrying and shooting an adequate riffle has no business hunting big game.

The Hudson's Bay Company took great care to see that Dr. Laszlo and I were provided with every convenience; our itinerary was well planned—and the game itself seemed to co-operate by being just where it was expected to be, as though on a prearranged schedule. We were also highly impressed by the extreme courtesy, consideration, and cheerfulness shown by our Indians to each other and to us. John Quog and Andy, our two guides; Charley, the wrangler; and Johnny Taku, our cook, did everything possible to make our hunt the success that it was.

But I know that there are larger horns, more beautiful antlers, and bigger bear in that country than we saw that autumn. And I'm going back sometime.

Farewell to Stikine.

WACHEYAK!

by Raymond Bell

WACHEYAK, netotametik"*: with this greeting brown ears are alerted in a score of little settlements in the northern wilderness within 150 miles in every direction from Flin Flon, Manitoba. It is the opening moment of the Cree language broadcast that goes out twice a week from radio station CFAR, Flin Flon.

The idea was hatched a year ago by Rev. R. B. Horsefield, for twenty years a missionary to the Indians in northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and one of the compilers of the Cree dictionary published by the Anglican Church in 1938. He knew that Indians have a hard time understanding what is going on in the white man's world, and that few white men have the time or the imagination to explain things to them. So he sought the co-operation of the management of CFAR, which was readily afforded him, and began to broadcast once a week a five-minute summary of the world's news.

The response was immediate. Indians stopped him on the streets of Flin Flon to tell him how much they appreciated the service, and letters began to flow in, laboriously traced on all sorts of strange scraps of paper, in pencilled syllabics, with the same message, and always asking for more.

At the end of a month it was found necessary to have two broadcasts a week, "Teepee Tidings" on Monday at 4.15 continuing the world survey, and "Teepee Chitchat" on Friday to answer the correspondents' letters and to pass on intimate bits of news, humorous anecdotes of the hunt and the trail, messages from patients in hospital to their friends at home, and enquiries about the whereabouts of relatives from whom no word had been received in the ancestral lodges for many moons.

An illustration was speedily forthcoming of the power of these broadcasts. The speaker mentioned that the rat trapping season on the preserves around The Pas would be opened on such a date. Indians heard it at Island Falls on the Churchill River, and that same evening their priest was calling The Pas on the long distance telephone to say that half the village was coming to The Pas to join in the hunt. The Game Department officials at The Pas, horrified, phoned Mr. Horsefield to find out what he had said, and he went to the microphone next day to make an unscheduled announcement that the preserves were being opened indeed, but only to those duly licensed to trap there—not to all Canada.

No week passes without its quota of what CFAR laughingly calls "Mr. Horsefield's fan mail." William Harris writes from The Pas to say that he will be seventy years old on the 21st of May, which is also Princess Elizabeth's birthday. He would like his friends in the north to know, and he would like Mr. Horsefield to send his congratulations to Princess Elizabeth also, please. The same mail brings a letter from Joe Highway at Steep Hill Lake, near the south end of Reindeer, to say that his granddaughter Florence is in hospital at Flin Flon, and to ask that "Otachimoo," the Narrator, will call on her there and send word of her health.

One of the mysteries of moccasin telegraph is how the word got around that Otachimoo was Mr. Horsefield. Being a bashful sort of fellow, who prefers to do good by stealth and blushes to find it fame, he had specifically requested that his name be not used in the broadcasts. He invites mail to be addressed to "Otachimoo, Box 169, Flin Flon," but quite half of it bears his name in some form or other, even mail from places he has never seen. (The other half is likely to come to Fox 169 or Pox 169.)

Last Christmas Mr. Horsefield coached a quartet of his choir (only one of whom had ever spoken any Cree before) in singing *Adeste Fideles* in that tongue, and gave a brief religious talk. On Good Friday he read the story of the Crucifixion from St. Mark's gospel, but otherwise he has sedulously avoided any religious flavour. The suggestion is now made that a third weekly period be established, on Sunday, for a brief Bible lesson: this will probably be in effect by the time these words are in print.

Meanwhile the white man's radio is vying with the moccasin telegraph to get the latest, and perhaps more accurate, news to the teepees of the North.

*"Greetings, my friends." The first word is derived from the English "What cheer."

An Indian family listens to Rev. R.B. Horsefield (above) broadcasting in Cree. The small boy is especially appreciative, as he is blind.

OUR CAPTIVITY ENDED

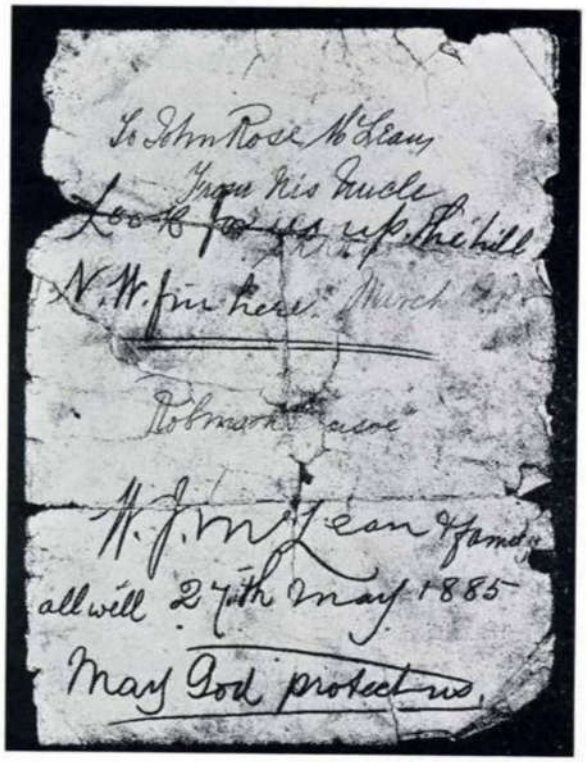
The third and last instalment of 1885 reminiscences related by a daughter of Chief Trader W. J. McLean. She was sixteen years old when she and her family were taken prisoner by the Indians after the siege of Fort Pitt.

by Elizabeth M. McLean
as told to Constance James.

WHEN Indian scouts brought word to the camp that the Redcoats were approaching, our captors decided to flee with us towards the north. To get away with any speed was not easy, for our way led through rough marshlands. We had to cross little creeks and were sometimes up to our waists in water. My father, feeling keenly disappointed that we had not been recognized and rescued by the Mounted Police, tried to think of some way to get a last message to them without revealing it to the Indians. He found in his belongings the fly leaf out of a book, and on this he wrote a brief note, and pinning it to a piece of red worsted, he tied it on the branch of a tree. This note was recovered, as you will see by the accompanying illustration.

As evening came on it began to rain. When it was time to stop for the night, we were wet through and very tired. My father and Stanley Simpson cut down trees and made a long log fire. We had had nothing to eat all day, but now at least had a little hot tea. We all had to sleep in our soaking wet clothes. I remember throwing myself down with my feet toward the fire and seeing the steam rising from my dress.

The fly leaf from his son's copy of "Robinson Crusoe," on which Mr. McLean wrote the message for help. Manitoba Museum.

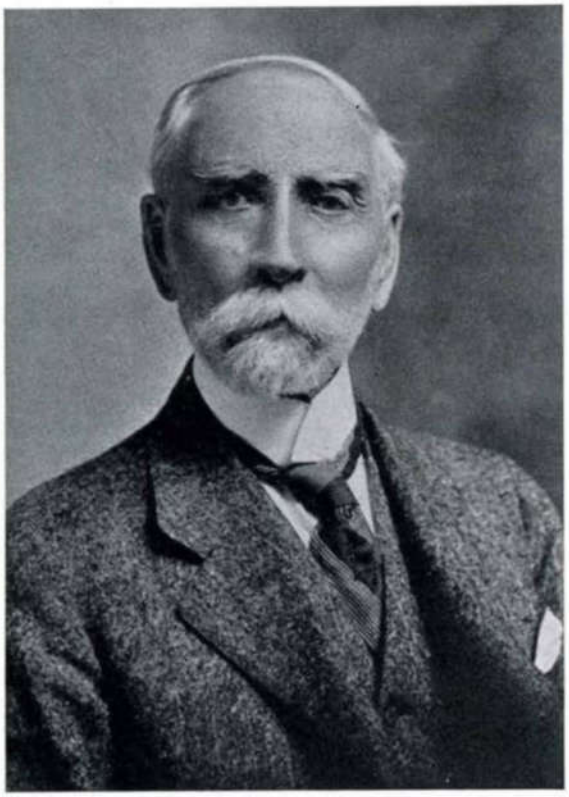

To John Rose McLean
From his Uncle
Look for us up the hill
N.W. fire here. March
Robinson Crusoe
W. J. McLean & family
all well 24th May 1885
May God protect us.

Before sunrise we were ordered to be on the march again. That day we came to a muskeg. Ordinarily we would have had to go round it, but the Indians, being in a hurry, decided they could make a short cut by crossing it. They felt sure that it was still frozen enough underneath to be safe for us to walk over. The bigger ones in our family had to carry some of the smaller ones. It fell to my lot to carry my little three-year old sister Sapomin tied on to my back with a shawl, Indian fashion. The going was very hard, as the ground was so slippery. Toward the middle of the swamp we saw an ox struggling in a quicksand, and were horrified to see him gradually disappear. The Indians kept calling to us to keep to the left. I was terrified that I might slip and my little sister and I would both be sucked under. At last we all got across safely, though utterly exhausted. It was only then that I was able to look around and see the others. My little brother Duncan was shaking with fatigue, and tears were running down his cheeks. But he was exclaiming in indignant tones to his older brother Angus, "I'm not going to let those darn Indians see me crying!"

On the following day, about noon, we reached the ford of Loon Lake in fine clear weather. That afternoon the Wood Crees took the younger members of our family across the ford on horseback, for it was about three feet deep. We older ones had to wade—all except Kitty, who had hurt her knee during the day and was allowed to remain behind with a Wood Cree family. Those of us who had got across camped on a fine arm of the lake beyond the ford.

The following morning the Indians were surprised by an attack made by Captain Steele and his scouts. In some dismay, those who had remained behind the night before now hurried to get across the ford. This required some courage, for crossing the open ford exposed them to the fire of the Redcoats. The woman with whom Kitty had stayed, hurriedly took up her baby and started out; but nobody noticed a little boy of two or three who had been left behind. So Kitty picked him up and, putting him on her shoulder, started wading out alone. Fortunately for her, she was strong and sturdily built. When part way over the stream, she shifted the child from one shoulder to the other. This exposed her long fair hair. Immediately there was a cry from one of the Redcoats. "Stop firing! One of the McLeans is there! I can see her golden hair." We found out later that this was a man who had known us at Fort Qu'Appelle.

Quite a skirmish followed, lasting half an hour. Unfortunately for us, five Indians were killed. After the confusion was over, four of the bodies were brought over to the camp for burial. There remained one which had fallen on the other side of the ford, and which could not be recovered. We learned from Louison Mongrain, who had become the leader of the Wood Crees, that the Indians' revenge for their loss might be turned against us, their white prisoners. There was



Chief Trader W. J. McLean, known after the rebellion as "Big Bear" McLean.

a feeling of suspense that evening as we saw the Indians going out to a nearby ridge where they were ordered to dig a large grave for the fallen. For us three girls sitting by our campfire, facing the west, they made a tragic picture against the sunset.

The occasion seemed even more solemn because of the peaceful surroundings, for it was a beautiful evening. The whole sky was lighted up with the colours of the rainbow, and reflected in the lake, which was as still as glass. There were hundreds of loons flying over the lake, giving out their plaintive cries, and as many whitethroats in the woods, keeping up their soft little accompaniment of "Sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."

Presently we saw that the men had finished their job, for Stanley Simpson and Louison came walking toward us. About half way, however, Louison hesitated, then turned to cross a little gully, and we saw that he had gone to meet an Indian whom we recognized as the father of two of the men who had been killed. He seemed very angry, but Louison met him quietly and placed the butt of his gun on the old man's shoulder. This action had some special meaning among the Indians which had something to do with making peace. Apparently the man was quieted, for we saw him turn and go back to his camp.

Meanwhile Stanley had approached us, and for a while stood looking from one to the other of us with his kindly smile. "Girls, you've been very brave, and we're proud of you," he said. "But you must be braver yet." Then he told us of the Indians' plan of revenge, to shoot five white men and take the women. He went on to say, "You must listen to what Louison says, and do whatever he tells you."

This Louison was proving to be our friend indeed. He was a man to whom the Wood Crees naturally turned for advice and guidance, for he seemed to understand their situation better than any other. And now we too were turning to him in our anxiety. That night he brought a rifle and cartridges to my father.

"You might need them," he said, "but I shall try to prevent that. I shall stand guard all night in front of your tent, and Manoomin will stand at the back." Manoomin was one of the friendly Indians from Riding Mountain.

Naturally we were all very quiet within our tent, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. As I lay there, trying to sleep, I found myself shivering, probably more with apprehension than with cold. I asked my father if our dog Carlo might come and lie at my feet to warm them. I remember wondering if Manoomin were really standing guard at the back of the tent as arranged. As the moon rose, I saw the shadow of his head and shoulder gradually come into view. He was leaning on his rifle, perfectly still. I felt so relieved and grateful that we had such a faithful friend. Then I wondered if Louison were still standing at the front. When the moon was at its height it was as bright as day. Then, as it gradually went down, I saw the full silhouette of Louison, a silent sentinel and a trusted friend.

The next morning, as we were getting ready, Louison told us not to hurry. We wondered why, because we saw that the Plain Indians were in a great hurry to get started, as they were sure the Redcoats were following them. They were anxious to get to Battleford, and so struck out on the trail which ran some distance eastward and took a bend to the south. The Wood Crees had evidently planned to get away from them, and this was the way they did it. As the morning wore on, they sat down along the side of the road to have a rest and a smoke, as Indians often do. Meanwhile, the Plain Crees had gone on ahead.

When we were ready to start out again, one of the women came to me and said, "You come along with me; only don't follow too closely." As we walked along I found that she was very particular about my keeping some distance to one side. Each of the other members of our family was taken in charge by a different individual, as I was. I noticed that our various Indian leaders seemed to be scattering in the woods, most of them turning northward. Apparently they wished to leave no beaten trail that could be followed. Before very long I had lost sight of all but the woman I was following.

At the appointed meeting place I found our own group sitting around the usual campfire, having a rest and a cup of tea. This time there was also a little food, for Stanley had shot two rabbits. It was wonderful for us to be together again, and to realize that we had left the Plain Crees behind, or so we thought. But just at dusk, the unexpected happened. We saw, coming down the south hill, a sad and dejected figure. It was Wandering Spirit. It will be recalled that his hair when we first knew him, was jet black; but now we noticed it was almost white. He walked very slowly toward us, uncertain of his welcome. There was a solemn stillness throughout the camp. One could even hear the crackling of the twigs in the fire. At first not a word was spoken, but my mother broke the spell by exclaiming compassionately, "Give him a cup of tea, poor fellow!" From then on, Wandering Spirit was accepted as one of our camp.

We spent the night in that quiet spot, but had still much ahead of us, for it was the Indians' plan to cross the Beaver River and go on to Isle à La Crosse. It was again nightfall before we arrived at the river, and early the next morning the Indians began to prepare to get across the river, which was swollen with spring floods. They wove gray willows into large baskets about three feet square. Over these they stretched rawhide to make them waterproof. It took all day to finish these improvised boats and some paddles, and to get us all across the river. The current was so strong that it carried us a quarter of a mile down before we landed on the other side.

The Indians seemed in a quandary, for it was becoming more difficult every day to go on without food. My father called meetings to discuss the situation with the Indians, and to show them that they would have to think out some way to get out of it, but at first no solution was found. A scout, who had gone out in the direction of Isle à La Crosse, arrived back in camp late that second evening with important news. He had met a Chipewyan scout who had been coming in the opposite direction. This man told our scout that by now we were really surrounded with troops.

The next morning they had a council to which my father and Stanley Simpson were invited. We all knew that they were going to decide something important. Then, in about an hour's time my brother Willie came running toward the camp, shouting, "We're free! We're free!" The Indians had decided to send us back to Fort Pitt, which was known to be the headquarters of the Redcoats.

Wandering Spirit, who seemed to have been taken on again as one of the minor chiefs, sent criers through the camp to let everyone know that we captives were free, and to tell them that anything which could be given us would be most acceptable. In a short while one woman came with about four pounds of bacon; another brought some moccasins for the children. These they handed to my mother with their best wishes. We were also provided with a guide—a man who was considered to know the way back to Loon Lake better than any of the others. In less than an hour we had said good-bye to them all and had set out on our long return journey.

Our guide proved to be a man who knew the country well, and was able to lead us back by a different way where the walking was much easier. This was most helpful, for by now we were all in such an exhausted condition that my father was quite anxious about us. In spite of that, our new-found freedom was so wonderful that my sisters and I could not help singing as we walked along. Our guide, however, advised us to sing softly in case there might be some Plain Indians in ambush.

That evening we again reached Loon Lake. We had travelled all day with nothing to eat; but in the evening Stanley Simpson, as before, appeared with a couple of partridges and a rabbit which he had shot. Feeling responsible for our food supply, Stanley was beginning to be very worried. The next morning he went for a walk down to the lake, hoping to see a duck. Much to his amazement, he saw instead, an ox which had been abandoned in the swamp, but which had evidently got himself out later. One can easily imagine the excitement this news caused to twenty-seven starving people! In a short while the ox was shot and skinned, and, under the direction of our guide's wife, the meat was cured.

Meanwhile there was the problem of crossing the lake, for if we could get across at this point, it would save us about fifteen miles of walking. Before leaving the Indian camp, we had been told by a widow woman of a cache where two canoes had been hidden, and after some search they were found. She had also told my sister of a cache on the south bank of the lake, in which had been placed a quantity of bacon and flour; so the next morning my father and a French Canadian paddled across, hoping and expecting to find this food, and perhaps two or three more canoes.

All that day we anxiously watched for their return. Toward evening we heard the sound of singing across the water. Running down to the shore, we saw them coming, drawing two extra canoes behind. As they approached us, the song became clearer. It was my father's companion, heartily singing a Canadian boat song. It had a cheering effect upon us, for not since we had been in camp for nearly two months had we heard anything so light-hearted and carefree. In addition to the canoes, they had found, not only bacon and flour which the Indians had cached, but also some hardtack and corned beef which had been abandoned by General Middleton's men; for they had visited the spot which had been the soldiers' campsite at the time of the skirmish in which the five Indians had been killed. One can imagine how excited we were when we saw all this food. In short order it was carried up to the camp and my mother prepared such a meal as we had not tasted for many weeks.

Next day Amelia and I went off to explore. We found half a box of hardtack, some bacon, and—what was more interesting—some scraps of Winnipeg newspapers. We discovered for the first time that there had been a fight at Batoche, and that Dick Hardisty and Captain French had been killed. We found also a few envelopes that had been addressed to the different officers. Among them was one addressed to General Middleton, unmistakably in the handwriting of our uncle, Sam Bedson. This made us wild with joy and excitement.

We hurried along the path through the scrub, not noticing in our excitement that dusk was coming on. Presently we all but stumbled over the dead body of an Indian, and remembered that this must be the fifth man which the Indians had left behind.

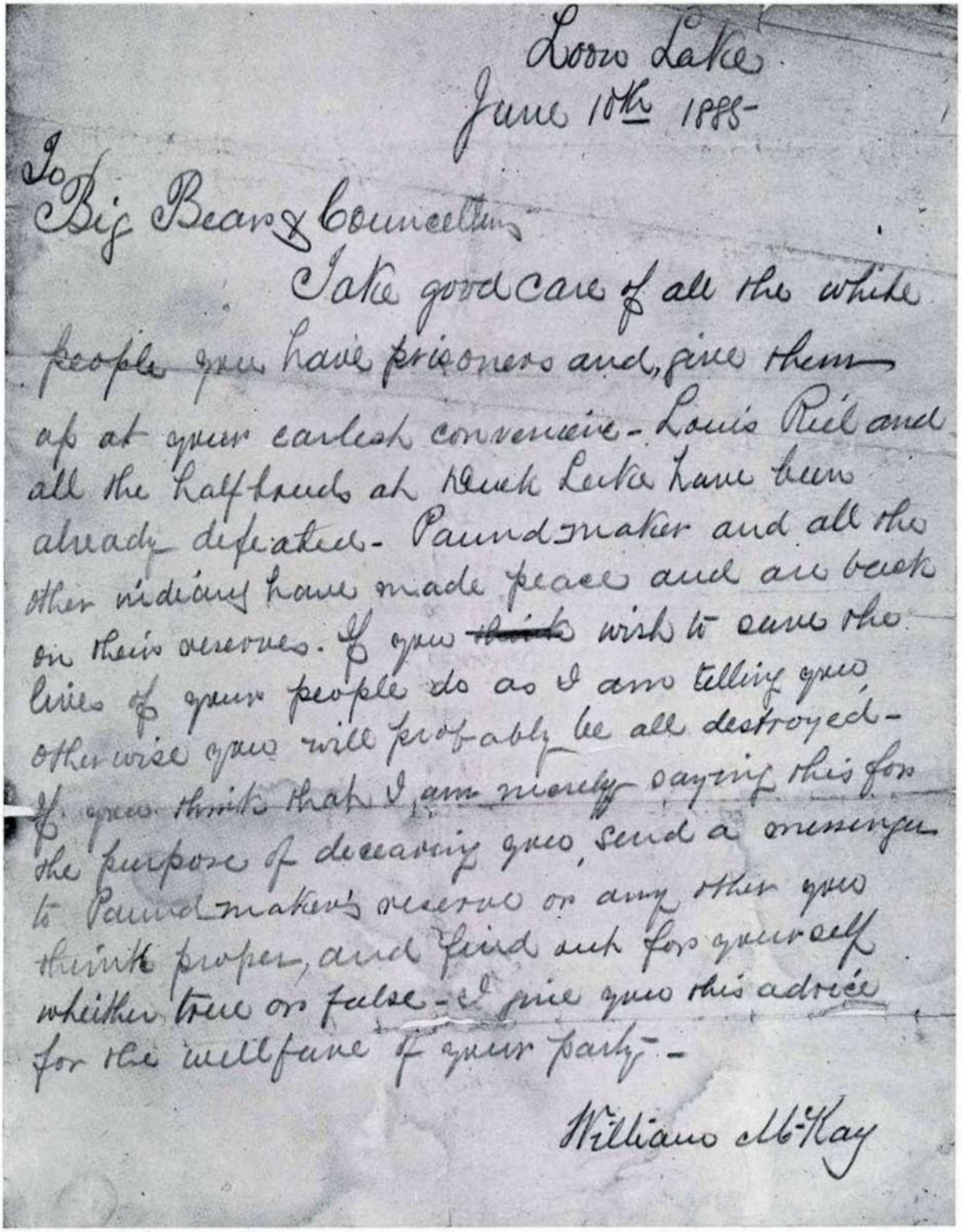
We were up at four the next morning. While preparing our breakfast, we began to notice a distant rumbling noise. Someone remarked that it sounded like frogs, but my father thought it sounded more like heavy wagon wheels. But who could it be? We felt somewhat alarmed at the possibility of falling into the hands of hostile Indians again. We anxiously watched in the direction of the noise till we presently saw two horses' heads appear over the rise to the south of our camp. We were quite relieved when the wagon stopped and the driver hailed us in English.

"Can you tell me how to get down to your camp?" he shouted. Someone ran out to direct him, and we all gathered round as the wagon drew up and the man jumped out.

"Is Mr. McLean here?" he inquired.

My father stepped forward. "I am the man who is commonly known as Mr. McLean," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye.

The stranger looked him up and down and we saw an expression of suspicion cross his face. Immediately we all became conscious of our tattered appearance. More than two months of tramping through woods



Loon Lake
June 10th 1885-

To Big Bear & Councellors

Take good care of all the white people you have prisoners and, give them up at your earlest convenience - Louis Riel and all the Halfbreeds at Batoche Lake have been already defeated - Pound-maker and all the other Indians have made peace and are back on their reserves. If you ~~think~~ wish to save the lives of your people do as I am telling you, otherwise you will probably be all destroyed - If you think that I am merely saying this for the purpose of deceiving you, send a messenger to Pound-maker's reserve or any other you think proper, and find out for yourself whether true or false - I give you this advice for the welfare of your party -

William McKay

A letter written by William McKay of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had much influence with the Indians, warning Big Bear to give up the McLeans and other prisoners. This letter, along with Mr. McLean's personal reminiscences of the rebellion days, was recently presented to the Company by the McLean family.

and swamps had reduced our clothing to rags. My father apologized for his appearance and explained our situation briefly. Our visitor then reached into the wagon and brought out a large packing case, which he put down before father.

"I have been instructed by Major Bedson to deliver this to Mr. McLean," he said. Such excitement this caused! We noticed that the case was labelled, "Major S. L. Bedson, Fort Pitt."

"Did Major Bedson come out with the troops?" my father asked.

"Yes, and he will be here to see you himself in half an hour."

We could hardly believe this was really true. Only a few moments ago we had been afraid of another encounter with the Indians, and now, within half an hour, we were to see our beloved Uncle Sam. Even the excitement we had experienced the morning we had been set free in the Indian camp could hardly equal what we now felt. We learned that our uncle was only about a mile and a half back on the road. Unknown to us, our camp had been seen early that morning by a scout who had gone back to report his discovery, and who had then been sent farther back to tell the news to some of the troops who were following up with teams and wagons.

We were anxious to know what was in the packing case, but my father decided to wait until Uncle Sam's arrival before opening it. Finding it difficult just to wait quietly, Amelia and I decided to start down the road to meet him. It was not long before we saw his team and wagon coming, and then saw that he had with him two other men whom we knew. As soon as we could be heard above the rattle of the wagon, we called out to greet them. What a joyous reunion followed! I think we cried a little in our reaction from the long weeks of pent-up feelings.

The packing case was then opened and we found with gratitude that it contained a complete set of clothing for everyone in our family, and enough besides for Mrs. Mann and her family. By this time we were all beginning to feel pretty hungry, for breakfast had been forgotten in our excitement. Our visitors now joined us around the campfire, and we were able to add from their stores some variety to our usual simple fare.

After breakfast we started out to meet the teams and ambulance which were coming out to take us back to Fort Pitt. It was still early when we met them, and from then on there was no more walking! We travelled all that day and the night that followed, stopping only long enough to eat and to rest and feed the horses. It was four o'clock the next morning when we arrived at Fort Pitt.

What a different place it looked now! The fort itself had been destroyed by fire. A large area leading down to the bank of the river was covered by military tents. The whole camp was asleep, except for a few sentries. Drawn up at the bank lay the steamer *Marquis*. Without wakening the camp, we were led down to the steamer and taken in to the quarters which had been provided for us. For the first time in over two months we had an opportunity to have a decent wash and change of clothing. We hardly recognized ourselves when we all came out clean and properly dressed.

During the day we were visited by several of the officers and were serenaded by the troops from the river bank. Months later, when back in Winnipeg, I heard that the remark had been made by one of these officers that we did not appear to have suffered much from our two months in captivity, for we were all well and our clothes were fresh and clean. It was not easy to disprove this impression, since the whole camp had been asleep when we arrived in our pitifully ragged condition.

In due time we travelled by steamer to Prince Albert, where we resumed our normal way of living. But my story would not be complete without mention of one more incident. It was several months before we came into contact with any of our relatives and discovered to our surprise and amazement that they had been, and still were, in deep mourning, having heard that our whole family had perished at the hands of the Indians. Our cousins had spent many tearful hours making up mourning clothes. They could hardly believe their eyes when they saw us alive and well.

After our release from captivity, my father was sent to Fort Alexander at the mouth of the Winnipeg River. Then all through the nineties we lived at Lower Fort Garry. It was from there that he retired from the service of the Company in 1898.

The McLean children about 1895. Left to right, from top; Helen (Sapomin), Duncan, Kitty, William, Freda, John, Eliza (the author), Angus, Amelia, Murray, Lillian, Lawrence.

Krinalugar Steals the Show

by J. P. Michea

Translated by J. A. Burgesse

WHEN I was making preparations to visit the Eskimo country, I read in a publicity pamphlet that the arrival of the *Nascopie* constituted the most important event of the year for the Eskimos of each region. But at Chesterfield, last summer, it was not so. . . .

I had not the opportunity of seeing the *Nascopie* during my first summer in the Arctic, but next year I had pitched my canvas home at Chesterfield Inlet post when the radio announced the arrival of the big boat for the following day.

About five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the blast of a siren. "There she is!" thought I. Half asleep, I risked a peep outside. The *Nascopie*, superbly crowned by a plume of smoke, was anchored in the bay. My curiosity satisfied, I snuggled back into my sleeping bag.

A few hours later I awoke to find, to my surprise, the post enveloped in a blanket of fog. The boat had disappeared and the residents, impatient to receive their share of the cargo, did not try to disguise their ill humour. What was to be done, however? The morning slipped by in waiting. Now and again the mist seemed to be lifting and a dim, indefinite shape loomed out like a phantom, only to disappear again as a fresh wave of icy fog rolled over the bay.

Around noon, however, the sky cleared and Joe, the Company's clerk, rounded up the Eskimos, while the first scows were being loaded at the ship. The natives straggled up in picturesque groups, some amusing themselves at trials of strength, while others gossiped. All smoked while waiting to unload the scows. "*Nascopie, Nascopie,*" was on almost everybody's lips. "To be sure," thought I, "this is an important event."

Suddenly, a cry explodes like a bomb: "*Krinalugar*! *Krinalugar*!" In the twinkling of an eye the wharf is deserted; men leap off across the rocky shore; women rush out from the tents, gun in hand; children clamour, the smallest making up in noise for what they lack in size; infants wail. In an extraordinary tumult everybody decamps in the direction of a point of land. Nearby two pale shapes rock gently on the sea: White whales!

The *Nascopie* is forgotten! She is rejected, flouted, scorned! Only one thing matters now! Kill those whales! The shooting starts. Everything from .303's to .22's is pressed into service. Rifles chatter like machine-guns; little jets of water spout up about the huge beasts, which seem but little disturbed.

Yet the thrashing of its tail indicates that one of the animals is wounded; the shots rain down; and the whale turns over close, quite close to the shore; surely it must be aground, its belly on the bottom. All around the water begins to turn red; the last shot is at point blank range; a final tremor and the enormous white back appears through a slowly spreading circle of crimson foam.

Already everybody is crowding around the carcass. What a clamour! To think that, only yesterday, I was ready to speak of the tranquillity and composure of the Eskimo!

But the other whale, what of it? Gone? Not a bit of it. The witless beast has gone charging, head down, into old Tudlik's fish net. Not losing an instant, Tudlik shoves a canoe into the water and has no difficulty in harpooning the helpless creature. The old fellow is laughing. Think of it. What a windfall for his dogs; and for himself, too!

No one protests. The moment that the whale was caught in his net it belonged to him. But what about the other one? Who killed it? No one knows. At least fifteen hunters each shot off a box of cartridges—300 bullets for one whale. He was a tough one; yet I had not been able to count the stones thrown at it by the children in their excitement.

It is decided, therefore, that the whale belongs to everybody. It is impossible to haul it ashore; the rope breaks and everybody tumbles in the sand amidst general merriment and howls of laughter. So cutting up begins on the spot. Karli and Kolit jump down into icy water up to their hips and cut, cut away without ceasing. Women line up, knife in hand; each cuts herself an enormous hunk of *muktuk*. In her excitement, old Norah almost tumbles into the water; she grabs her portion in her witch's claws and sinks her old teeth into it. How she does love fresh meat!

In ten minutes all is over; nothing remains but a big backbone and a few scraps which the puppies are trying to steal. A procession of women wends its way back home, red and white meat clutched in one hand, a child in the other; a second child hanging on to her skirt, a third in her hood. Mama Eskimo has been to market!

Over there, in the middle of the bay, the *Nascopie* is vexed. Is it thus that she is received? Very dignified, she again retreats behind the veils of fog with which the east wind is slowly enveloping her. . . .

"Cutting up begins on the spot." J.P.M.

The monument erected on the site of the old fur trade post at Metabetchouan, recalling the discovery of Lake St. John in 1647 by the Jesuit DeQuen. Le Lingot du Saguenay.

SAGUENAY CELEBRATIONS

by J. A. Burgesse

FOR a brief instant in July, the fur trade of the kingdom of the Saguenay tasted something of its former glory when David Cooter, post manager at Pointe Bleue, and Gabriel Kakoua, Chief of the Montagnais, took an official part in the unveiling of a monument commemorating the discovery of Lake St. John by Father Jean DeQuen, Jesuit missionary. The occasion was the third centenary of the event, celebrated on the site of the old Indian village and trading post of Metabetchouan.

The presence of the Chief of the Montagnais on the dais needs no explanation, for his ancestors inhabited the region for centuries before the coming of the whites. He had every reason to deserve the honour; but the active participation of the Hudson's Bay Company representative in a purely French-Canadian demonstration may not be apparent at first glance. There was, however, a good reason for Mr. Cooter's taking his place at the microphone and broadcasting in English, French and Montagnais on a coast-to-coast radio hook-up, for he represented an almost unbroken line of fur traders, which links the modern era with the past—back to Samuel de Champlain who made a treaty of alliance with the Montagnais at Tadoussac in 1603.

Pointe Bleue is the oldest operating trading post in Canada, south of James Bay. It was founded from Tadoussac by Charles Bazire in 1676, just eight years after the Hudson's Bay Company came into the Bay. Indeed, the arrival there of the English was the reason for its establishment, and it was one of a chain which later extended as far north as Nemeska, the purpose of which was to wean the Montagnais from the northern posts whither they had been driven by the Iroquois.

It was by mere chance that Father DeQuen discovered Lake St. John. Till then the whites had been unable, for various reasons, to penetrate into the interior, but when DeQuen arrived at Tadoussac in July 1647 to give the annual mission to the tribesmen assembled there, he learned that a number of his neophytes were lying ill at Lake Piekouagami. Duty called him to their bedsides and, stepping into a canoe, he set off up the sombre Saguenay into the unknown. After a journey of five days, he sped down La Belle Rivière, and there before him unfolded the magnificent expanse of water that was Piekouagami—the flat lake of the Indians—which he renamed Lac Saint Jean.

He found his Montagnais encamped at the mouth of the Metabetchouan River.

This was the beginning; and within a few years Metabetchouan developed into something much more than a mere collection of Indian cabins. A fur trade post and a mission station were established, and more than three hundred acres of land were brought under the plough. Animals were walked overland from Quebec, and apple, pear and plum trees and grape-vines were planted. Wheat, maize, turnips and pumpkins were also cultivated on this farm lost in the wilds of the Kingdom of the Saguenay.

Over the years, the establishment had a checkered career. Sometimes it was a wintering post, and sometimes merely a camp trade; sometimes it was located at Pointe Bleue, and sometimes at Metabetchouan; but, in misfortune and prosperity, it continued operations. The English "King's Posts Company" took over at the Cession where the French left off, to be followed, in turn, by the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. The Adventurers of England definitely abandoned the Metabetchouan site in favour of Pointe Bleue where they are still located, and nothing remained to mark the location of the old post except a tiny little powder house. Even this was neglected, and would have fallen into ruin had not La Société Historique du Saguenay acquired the site and restored the ancient relic.

But, with the third century, the people of Lake St. John remembered the past, and a public park will preserve for all time the sacred spot where local commerce had its birth. On July 13 a monument was unveiled beside the old powder house, and, at its dedication, the fur trader and the Indian stood beside the sons of the colonists to honour the memory of the discoverer—for each, in his own way, contributed to the modern Lake St. John. Nor was this all, for an historic pageant was one of the principal events of the celebrations, and no less than five of its twenty scenes had for their theme the Indian period. The fur trade was enacted in ballet with much skill and grace. The old HB ensign waved over a red-roofed post, while below, traders and voyageurs executed *pas* and *enchainement* amid terpsichorean Indians.

The 200-year-old chapel at Tadoussac with its 300-year-old bell. Canada Steamship Lines.

Meanwhile, the people of another former trading post were preparing for the second centenary of the oldest wooden chapel in Canada. Tadoussac is better known to English-speaking Canada than Lake St. John for, though it makes no pretence at progress, it is a watering place which is thronged each summer by tourists from all corners of the continent. Its little chapel, perched on a terrace beside the modern hotel of the Canada Steamship Lines, is a familiar sight even to those who have never visited the village; for it is one of the most photographed buildings in the whole Dominion. It is an unpretentious little edifice, almost a toy; yet for two hundred years it has watched over the changing destiny of its flock. Built by Father Claude Godfroi Cocquart in 1747, close by the site of a stone church which had been destroyed by the Iroquois seventy years before, it survived a change of allegiance and saw a colony grow into a self-governing Dominion. In its tiny little spire it houses a bell which came from France in 1647, a gift to its predecessor from Madame de la Pelleterie, that generous benefactress of so many Canadian missions.

Unlike the Lake St. John celebrations, which embraced the entire region, the Tadoussac demonstration was quiet and parochial as befitted its religious character. Even so, the fur trade was not forgotten, and speaker after speaker stressed the point that Tadoussac was at one time the metropolis of Canada. Hence went forth not only the missionary priests to evangelize the Indians, but also traders and explorers to open the country; Tadoussac was the seed from which blossomed a veritable chaplet of trading posts, now prosperous towns and villages extending up the Saguenay and to the most remote points of the North Shore.

Nowhere else in Canada is so much history enclosed in so small an area; a slight peninsula hemmed in by the Saguenay on the one side and the St. Lawrence on the other, and dominated by a ridge where the prehistoric Red Paint People halted a while before pursuing their mysterious migration towards what is now New England. Here walked Simpson, Barnston, Donald Smith, Ballantyne and many another fur trader whose name is long forgotten, or only half remembered by student or historian. Here too, in '76, Martin ranged his cannon and clad his Indians in red 4-point blankets to scare away the New England privateers bent on plunder.

Chauvin's house of 1600, recently reconstructed on its original site, and the little wooden chapel, recall much older memories—of lace and rich brocade—buckskin shirt and beaded moccasin, care-free voyageurs and gay blades of France—cowled Recollets and heroic, saintly Jesuits. Tucked away beyond the ken of prying eyes, hidden in a kitchen garden and almost overgrown with bushes, are the venerable ruins of Canada's first stone church which was the pride of the Tadoussac Montagnais when the faithful of Quebec and Montreal had only humble wooden places of worship.

To the passing tourist, Tadoussac may be nothing but a pleasant retreat, but for the fur trade it is an historic shrine—for here, nearly three and a half centuries ago, was built the first trading post in Canada.

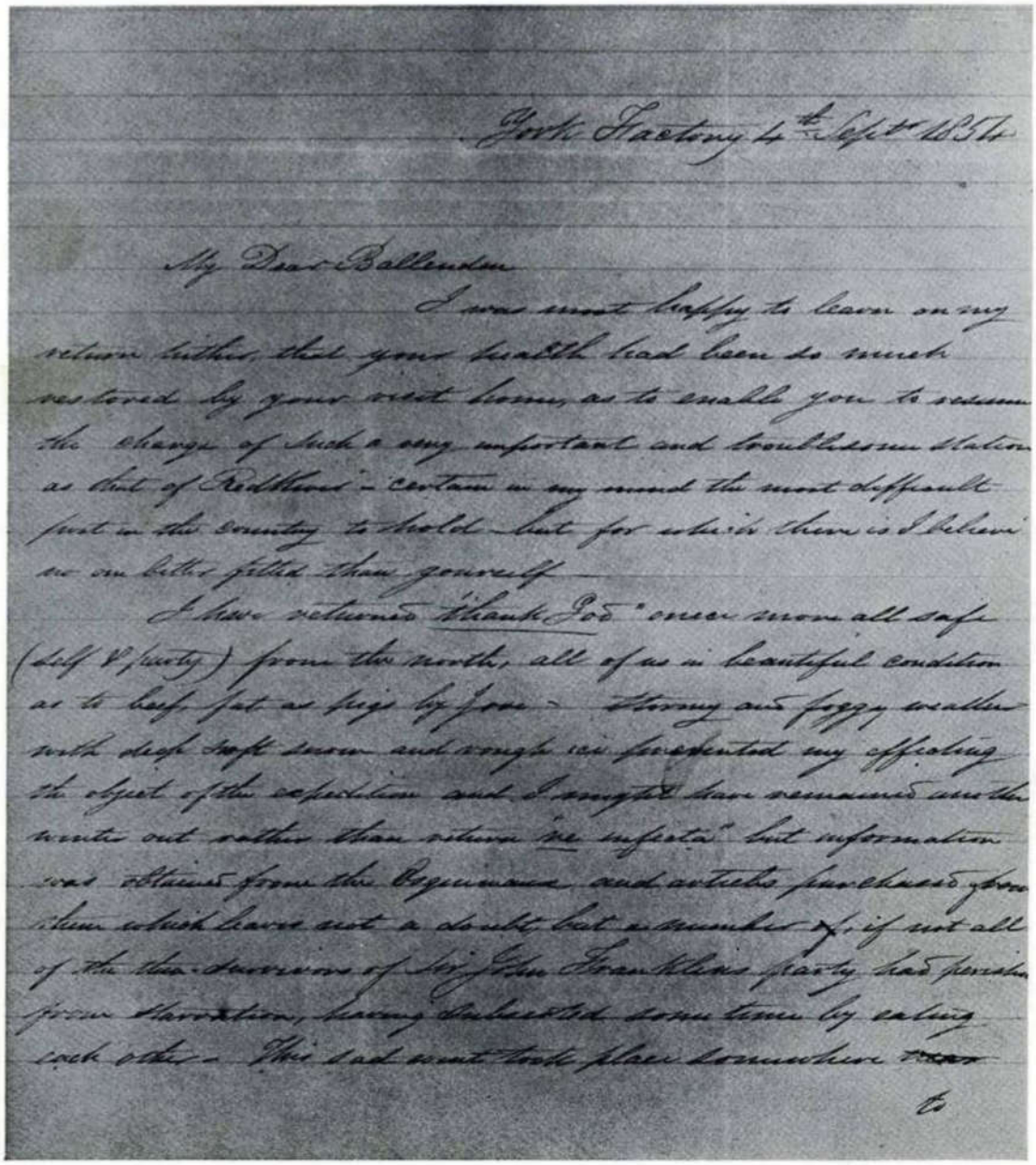
TWO FRANKLIN DOCUMENTS

THE two Franklin documents shown here are of timely interest, for it was a hundred years ago—on June 11, 1847—that the famous explorer died. The letter from John Rae to Chief Factor John Ballenden at Fort Garry is reproduced through the kindness of Mrs. E. W. Mermagen, daughter of Chief Factor William McMurray, of whose family papers it forms a valuable part. It was written after the celebrated surgeon chief factor returned from his journey of 1853-4 to Repulse Bay and vicinity—a journey from which he brought back the first relics of the lost Franklin expedition, referred to here as articles purchased from the Eskimos. A list of these articles and some extracts from Rae's report to the Company will be found in William Gibson's comprehensive article in the June 1937 *Beaver*, pages 54-5.

"His expedition on this occasion," writes Mr. Gibson, "had a dual purpose, for he planned on completing the outline of the coast to the southwest of Boothia Isthmus. Crossing the land to the south of the isthmus from Prince Regent Inlet, he linked up with Dease and Simpson's farthest from the west. It was at this time that he discovered King William Land to be an island; a fact that would have been of inestimable value to Franklin eight years previously, and might well have averted the disaster which befell his expedition."

The evidences of cannibalism that Rae found are touched upon only lightly in this letter, but in his report to the Admiralty dated at Repulse Bay, July

The first page of a letter written by Chief Factor Dr. John Rae, in which he mentions his discovery of the first Franklin relics. A copy of the whole letter appears on the opposite page.
Courtesy Mrs. E. W. Mermagen



York Factory 4th Sept. 1854

My Dear Ballenden

I was much happy to learn on my return hither, that your health had been so much restored by your visit home, as to enable you to resume the charge of such a very important and troublesome station as that of Red River - certain in my mind the most difficult post in the country to hold - but for which there is I believe no one better fitted than yourself -

I have returned thank God once more all safe (self & party) from the north, all of us in beautiful condition as to beef, fat as pigs by June - stormy and foggy weather with deep soft snow and rough ice prevented my effecting the object of the expedition and I might have remained another winter out rather than return re infecta but information was obtained from the Esquimaux and articles purchased from them which leave not a doubt but a number if not all of the unfortunate of Sir John Franklins party had perished from starvation, having subsisted some time by eating each other - This sad event took place somewhere

to

29, 1854, as well as in his report to the Company, more details are given.

Writing two years after his return, Dr. Rae described the journey as follows: "In 1853 I proceeded to Repulse Bay for the purpose of completing the survey of the coast on the west side of Boothia, and passed the winter of 1853-4 in snow houses at Repulse Bay with a party of seven men, without fuel except for cooking. We obtained food by shooting and fishing, sufficient for eleven of the thirteen months we were absent, and the skins of the animals shot were dressed and made by ourselves into winter clothing and warm bedding."

Later he adds: "You may think it strange that we could procure food enough to support ourselves, whilst some three hundred miles to the west Franklin's party starved, but Repulse Bay is most advantageously placed for obtaining venison during the spring and autumn migrations of the deer [caribou], whereas the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Great Fish River is one of the most unfavourable positions for procuring food, particularly during the spring. The Esquimaux never remain there at that season. Indeed, except at Repulse Bay and its vicinity, there is only one other place on the Arctic coast at which I would attempt wintering, unless I *carried with me* nearly a full supply of provisions.

"By following the native custom of using snow houses (which I learnt and caused my men to learn how to build) to rest in during our spring journies, the weight we had to haul was considerably reduced. . . . The time required for building a snow house varies from 25 minutes to 1 hour 30 minutes, according to size and circumstances."[1]

Rae, in fact had learned to live off the country to a great extent, and that accounted in large measure for the success and inexpensiveness of his expeditions.

A copy of his letter follows:

York Factory, 4th Septr., 1854.

My Dear Ballenden,

I was most happy to learn on my return hither, that your health had been so much restored by your visit home, as to enable you to resume the charge of such a very important and troublesome station as that of Red River—certain in my mind the most difficult post in the country to hold but for which there is I believe no one better fitted than yourself.

I have returned "*thank God*" once more all safe (self & party) from the north, all of us in beautiful condition as to beef, fat as pigs by Jove. Stormy and foggy weather with deep soft snow and rough ice prevented my effecting the object of the expedition and I might have remained another winter out rather than return "ne infecta" but information was obtained from the Esquimaux and articles purchased from them which leaves not a doubt but a number, if not all of the survivors of Sir John Franklin's party had perished from starvation, having subsisted some time by eating each other. This sad event took place somewhere to the north of the Great Fish River, the ships I suppose having been previously crushed by ice.

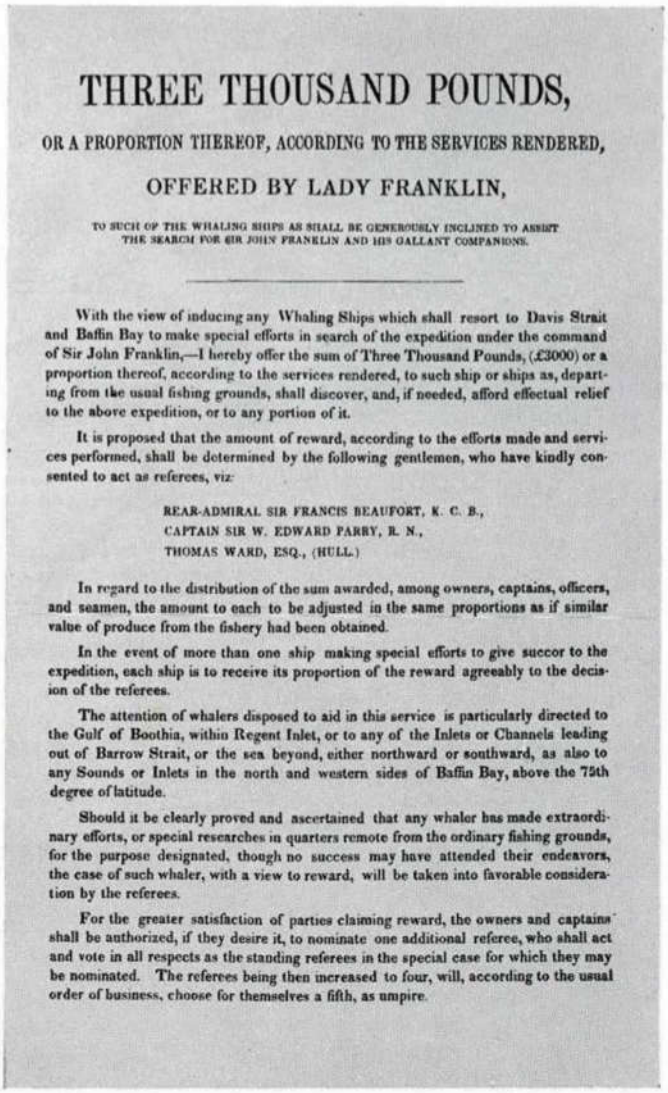
This news meagre and melancholy as it is, I thought of sufficient importance to authorize me to deviate from my intention of passing another winter, home I have accordingly come and take a passage by the ship as it will likely be quickest. I shall send a duplicate of my report to the Co. via Red River, but at present send only a few lines to Sir George, to announce my return and the results of the voyage. My men have all behaved well, and I hope that if those who go to Red River viz J.[ohn] Beads, Jacob Beads, James Johnston and John McDonald require any work to do for the Company you will let them have it in preference to others. Johnston and McDonald in particular are hard working fellows. . . .

Bruce[2] is just about to start so I shall say no more just now, but with best wishes

Believe me very faithfully yours

JOHN RAE

1. From a rare pamphlet in possession of the Hudson's Bay Company.
2. Baptiste Bruce, famous York boat guide (see December 1943 Beaver).



THREE THOUSAND POUNDS,

OR A PROPORTION THEREOF, ACCORDING TO THE SERVICES RENDERED,

OFFERED BY LADY FRANKLIN,

TO SUCH OF THE WHALING SHIPS AS SHALL BE GENEROUSLY INCLINED TO ASSIST THE SEARCH FOR SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS GALLANT COMPANIONS.

With the view of inducing any Whaling Ships which shall resort to Davis Strait and Baffin Bay to make special efforts in search of the expedition under the command of Sir John Franklin,—I hereby offer the sum of Three Thousand Pounds, (£3000) or a proportion thereof, according to the services rendered, to such ship or ships as, departing from the usual fishing grounds, shall discover, and, if needed, afford effectual relief to the above expedition, or to any portion of it.

It is proposed that the amount of reward, according to the efforts made and services performed, shall be determined by the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act as referees, viz:

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR FRANCIS BEAUFORT, K. C. B.,
CAPTAIN SIR W. EDWARD PARRY, R. N.,
THOMAS WARD, ESQ., (HULL.)

In regard to the distribution of the sum awarded, among owners, captains, officers, and seamen, the amount to each to be adjusted in the same proportions as if similar value of produce from the fishery had been obtained.

In the event of more than one ship making special efforts to give succor to the expedition, each ship is to receive its proportion of the reward agreeably to the decision of the referees.

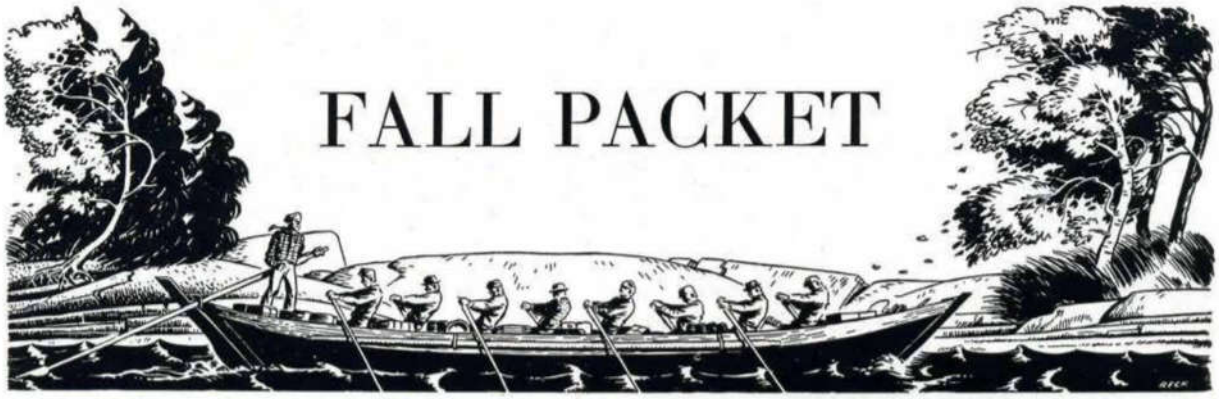
The attention of whalers disposed to aid in this service is particularly directed to the Gulf of Boothia, within Regent Inlet, or to any of the Inlets or Channels leading out of Barrow Strait, or the sea beyond, either northward or southward, as also to any Sounds or Inlets in the north and western sides of Baffin Bay, above the 75th degree of latitude.

Should it be clearly proved and ascertained that any whaler has made extraordinary efforts, or special researches in quarters remote from the ordinary fishing grounds, for the purpose designated, though no success may have attended their endeavors, the case of such whaler, with a view to reward, will be taken into favorable consideration by the referees.

For the greater satisfaction of parties claiming reward, the owners and captains shall be authorized, if they desire it, to nominate one additional referee, who shall act and vote in all respects as the standing referees in the special case for which they may be nominated. The referees being then increased to four, will, according to the usual order of business, choose for themselves a fifth, as umpire.

A small reproduction of a poster offering a reward to any whaling ships who might discover the lost expedition. Courtesy Dr. J. Goodwin

The poster announcing a reward offered by Lady Franklin to the whaling ships frequenting the American Arctic is reproduced from a photostat of an original copy owned by Dr. James Goodwin, of Toronto. It recalls the fact that the last Europeans to see the members of the expedition alive were the crew of the whaler, *Prince of Wales*, visited by Franklin and some of his officers in Melville Bay off the coast of Greenland.



FALL PACKET

Factor

One of the most ubiquitous characters in romantic northern fiction is the Hudson's Bay "factor"— generally Scotch, with a white beard. The word is usually accepted without question; but the word "factory," when applied to such places as York Factory and Moose Factory, puzzles a great many readers. The archaic "manufactory" has by common consent been shortened to "factory," and most people have forgotten that the original meaning of the word was not a place where things are made, but as Dr. Johnson explained in 1785, "1. A house or district inhabited by traders in a distant country. 2. The traders embodied in one place." The factor himself, according to the great lexicographer, was "An agent for another; one who transacts business for another. Commonly a substitute in mercantile affairs." And to illustrate the use of the word, he employed no less than eight quotations. One, which has a definite Hudson's Bay flavour, comes from *Antony and Cleopatra:* "You all three, The senators alone of this great world, Chief factors for the gods."

Prophet

We still think that one of the best stories to come out of the North in recent years is the one about the Indian prognosticator and the Alaska Highway engineer. Seems that during the first autumn of the road's construction, when winter was fast approaching, the officer in command of a certain section detailed a a large number of men to cut firewood—and plenty of it—to keep the troops warm. So many were taken off the main job, in fact, that construction of the road was slowed down considerably in that part, and the officer's immediate superior began to wonder if so much firewood was really necessary.

One of the local Indians had quite a reputation as a weather prophet, so the superior officer called on him, hoping to get the lowdown on the coming cold snap. "What about it, Joe," he asked, "Are we going to have a long cold winter this year, or a nice easy one?"

"Long, cold winter," said the prophet.

"Think so, eh?" said the army man. "Tell me, how do you figure that out?"

"Signs say so," replied Joe.

"What signs? Are the squirrels getting in lots of grub, or what?"

"Not so," intoned the red man, "but white man chop much wood."

Contributors

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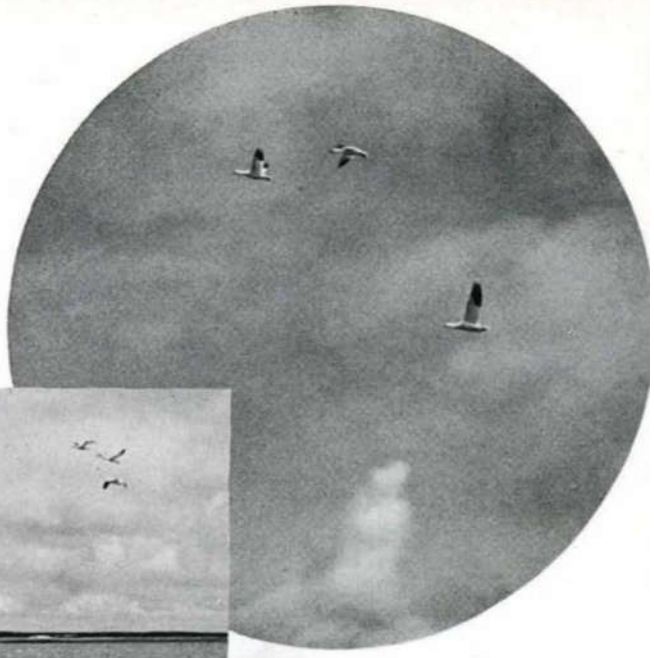
Beaver Sets?

Every now and then we get requests for complete sets of the *Beaver*, and we have been able to bring together a number of buyers and sellers. Now we have a couple of would-be buyers on our list, but no would-be sellers. Any sets for sale, bound or unbound?

BIRDS OF THE BARRENS

Photos by W. F. Joss

These three linked pictures, taken at the breeding grounds of Ross's Goose (discovered in 1940), show: Below, a clutch of Ross's goose eggs in the downy nest. Middle, part of the nesting grounds, with three of the geese in flight. Top, three more geese in high flight.



Below: A squaw duck waddles across a muddy stretch of shore marked with footprints.

Above: Nest and eggs of a snowy owl, laid on the bare ground. Note the two dead lemmings, brought by the male to feed his brooding mate. The toe of the photographer's boot gives the scale.

BOOK REVIEWS

FREE GOLD, the Story of Canadian Mining, by Arnold Hoffman. Rinehart & Co., New York, and Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1947. 397 pages.

MINING has had a bad press. Men knowing the industry at first hand too often hold limping pens; glib professional writers erect romantic fantasies or carping criticism upon a base of ignorance. It has remained for a Harvard-educated Bostonian, with twenty-five years in the Canadian bush as prospector and mining engineer, to present an adequate, well written, entertaining and useful study of Canada's second industry.

The subtitle "The Story of Canadian Mining" is more descriptive than "Free Gold," for Arnold Hoffman is neither postulating an economic theory nor propagandizing a gold rush. Rather he makes it plain that gold—and all other metals—are won by the hardest of hard work. The reader staggers under prospectors' tumplines, over quaking bog and stubborn portage, fights off mosquitoes and "hummingbirds," breathes the smoke of open fires or dynamite fumes in narrow entries, races breathless in staking rushes, shares heartbreak with the pioneer who cannot interest capital to develop his finds. It is all so real that Hollywood would never believe it.

The author traces Canadian mining from Cabot and Cartier's reports of metal, from Frobisher's "ure" —"Frobisher's expeditions gave impetus to later exploration by the English in the North, resulting in the discovery of Hudson's Bay . . . and the eventual organization of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1670" —and Champlain's proxy search for mines, to Yellowknife, where in the Thompson-Lundmark find on Treasure Island the brothers Hoffman found their mine.

The book is well organized and well rounded. Chapters are devoted to the astounding mineral production of the land Voltaire dismissed as a "patch of snow," to the parade of the great in Canadian mining with sketches of their struggles, their success, and how they reacted to failure and fortune. Noah Timmins, Sir Harry Oakes, the McMartins, J. P. Delmar, Jack Hammell, Dan Willans, Bob Jowsey, Bill Wright and their fellows emerge in three dimensions, not all seen through rose-coloured glasses. Thayer Lindsley of Ventures, Ltd. receives his due acclaim as a statesman among mine makers.

In the chapters devoted to the experience of the author and others as prospectors in Ontario and Quebec, in the Northwest Territories and eastward to Labrador, are the raw materials for a dozen of Jack London's epics. The book does not neglect the financial side, explaining by precept and example from the record how mines are financed, the risk taken by prospector and investor in Bay Street and what fortunate ones and others have found there. Mr. Hoffman does an excellent job in exposing the sensational American journals who from motives less than plain or praiseworthy attack Canadian mining and mine-investing, and shows what the United States owes, now and increasingly in the future, to the ores of the Dominion.

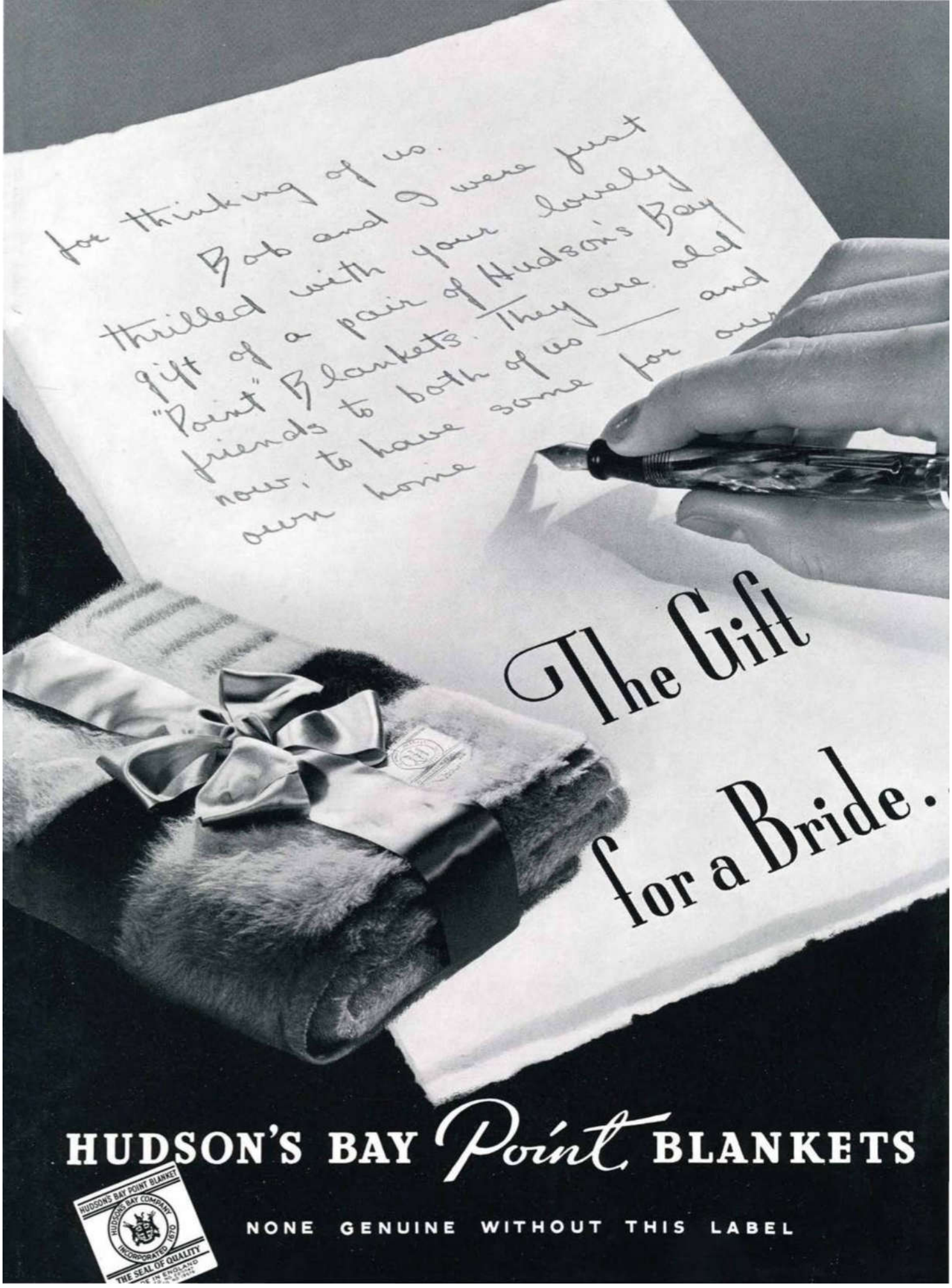
A single blind spot in the author's treatise is his attitude toward the Hudson's Bay Company. He knows what the Company accomplished, but seems unable to grasp its objective. Too readily he believes that the "monopoly" strangled the North, and would have barred outsiders from its domain indefinitely. Yet he writes of the mineral exploration of Samuel Hearne and he and all other mine prospectors travelled Company trails throughout the North, without which Yellowknife and the priceless uranium which Gilbert Labine found might be another century awaiting. —*John E. Kelly.*

MAMMALS OF NORTH AMERICA by Victor H. Cahalane, illustrated by Francis L. Jaques. Macmillans, New York and Toronto, 1947. 682 pages.

MR. Cahalane is chief biologist of the United States National Parks, and therefore writes with authority about the wild folk that frequent our forests and plains. But more than that, he writes with a freshness and vigour that will appeal greatly to the ordinary reader. His opening paragraphs are designed to catch one's interest right away—and they generally do: "The black bear resembles man more than any other North American mammal. . . ." "The weasel is the most bloodthirsty of all the mammals. Its favourite drink is warm blood. . . ." "Otters have a delightful sense of frivolity. Young and old, they tumble and wrestle like high-spirited school children. . . ." "All its life the red fox has a struggle to keep its glossy, golden-red fur coat on its back. Someone is always trying to snatch it. . . ." And who could pass by an article beginning: "It is a night for murder. A big, hunter's moon stares over the eastern horizon of the plains. . . .", even though it is about so unfamiliar an animal as the grasshopper mouse?

The book as a whole seems aimed at the general reader. Instead of Latin names, the terms used to separate the various classes of animals are popular ones such as "The Heliographer" (antelope), "Original American Livestock" (buffalo, muskox, bighorn, and mountain goat), "Survivors of Ancient Orders" (opossum and armadillo), "The Vanishing Mermaid" (manatee), and so on. But the Latin names are there too, for the scientific readers, and plenty of authentic information on the mammals' appearance, range, habits, etc. Thus the book is not only highly readable: it can also be used as a reliable reference work.

Mr. Jaques black-and-white illustrations echo the notes of freshness and accuracy which characterize the author's text. Each one is an individual study of the animal in its habitat, finely drawn and beautifully designed. There are ninety-two in all, and they contribute greatly to making this an outstanding example of book production.—*C.W.*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